

APRIL 22, 1953

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

APRIL 22, 1953

Vol. 20, No. 47

REMEMBERING THE ANZACS

MEN from the Korean battlefield will march beside their fathers and grandfathers this coming Anzac Day, but there will be many "old faithfuls" missing from the ranks.

Some will be in hospital, temporarily knocked out by illness and disabilities due directly to war wounds or indirectly to the strain of battle service and prisoner-of-war camps.

Others absent will be those who since last year have gone to join their dead cobs, those laughing, gallant ghosts.

Anzac Day will be, as it always is, a day of memories.

For the watchers the memories will be mostly proud ones; sad ones, too, heavy with a renewed sense of deprivation and grief for the dead and the maimed.

The pity is that the sick and the incapacitated tend to be forgotten for the rest of the year except by the faithful few.

Yet there is much that everyone could do for these men who watch life from a hospital bed or a wheel-chair, who could claim so much and who ask so little.

To take a simple instance: There is the small service of passing on second-hand books and magazines. There are plenty of other ways.

Thanks to their imperishable tradition the Anzacs will never be forgotten. They should be remembered more often.

Our cover:

● Henriette Lamotte, who in private life is the Countess D'Espinay, created our cover hat, which is worn by Judy Barraclough. Mme Lamotte's creation is a triumph of design. More important, it is easy to make. On page 33 we give you full instructions, plus diagrams, so you can try your hand at it, and you will be surprised how simple it is.

This week:

● On pages 12 and 13 we have a picture story of one of the most romantic weddings of the year—that of Miss Barbara Kidman, of Adelaide, to young American lawyer Henry Kiker. The bride is the granddaughter of "Cattle King" the late Sir Sidney Kidman. She met her husband last year when he visited Australia as a member of an American university debating team. The bride's sister, Miss Ann Kidman, and Miss Margaret Philcox, who went to America to act as bridesmaids, are having a wonderful time there. They plan to visit the famous King Ranch this month.

Next week:

● One of our color features next week is on the Coronation Contingent—that fortunate body of Service men and women who are now on the high seas to London to honor the Queen. We photographed them just before they embarked; and very handsome they look, too. You will be interested (and probably envious) to read of the wonderful round of entertainment which the hospitable people of England have arranged for them.

● The silver lining to the cloud which is the coming winter is the thought that cold weather is party time. In our homemaker section next week we have directions for a most elegant party sweater that you will want to make as soon as you see it. We also give directions for making a chic little evening bag.

How the Coronation Stone was stolen by night

Book review by AINSLIE BAKER

ON the night of December 22, 1950, three young Scottish university students and a young Scottish domestic science teacher, in two cars, drove through the cold darkness away from Glasgow and headed for London.

They were on their way to remove the historic Coronation Stone from Westminster Abbey and spirit it back into Scotland after 650 years of English possession.

In "No Stone Unturned," the ringleader, Ian Hamilton, gives an account of what really happened before and after the removal of the Stone from Westminster Abbey early on Christmas morning, 1950.

It is a tale of high ideals and high adventure, an inside account of one of the craziest peace-time missions ever to be undertaken.

Engaged in it were Ian Hamilton, 25, Kay Mathieson, 22, Gavin Vernon, and Alan Stuart, 20. All were Scottish Nationalists.

Though the plot succeeded, it nearly came to grief many times. In the 48 hours before the Stone was removed from the Abbey, so suspicious was the behaviour of the young patriots that they were three times questioned by the London police, who also noted the number of one of the cars.

At the first attempt to get the Stone, the author, in the Abbey after it had been shut, was discovered by the watchman. With true Christmas spirit, thinking Hamilton was seeking a night's shelter, this official offered to lend him the price of a bed.

Late on Christmas Eve Vernon and Stuart were apprehended in the Abbey cloister by Archdeacon Marriot, who in the kind-

liest manner possible gave them the exact information they needed—the time of the changing of the nightwatchman.

Although, after the alarm was raised, the English authorities closed the border roads for the first time in 400 years, the Stone was carried in secret back to Scotland and hidden at first in a lonely barn.

On April 11, 1951, it was solemnly placed in the ruined and historically significant Arbroath Abbey and covered with the Scottish national flag.

Next, a petition, reaffirming the signatories' loyalty and renewing claims for self-government was sent to the King. Finally, a letter was sent to the Church of Scotland, placing the Stone in its custody.

In February, 1952, the English took the Stone back to London. No charge was ever made against the young Scottish Nationalists.

The book reveals that a somewhat similar scheme to recover the Stone was worked out in young manhood by that most delightful of Scottish patriots, Sir Compton Mackenzie, who supplies a preface.

Hamilton certainly cannot be accused of under-writing. But no touches of melodrama can mar the high excitement and endeavor of his story. It is a pity, though, that he takes some less than worthy swipes at England and the English and at times a perverse delight in attributing to himself and other members of

the party an almost music-hall brand of parsimony. It cost £70 sterling to get the Stone of Destiny back into Scotland and to provide a tale that will stir the blood as long as men have ideals and love of country.

Published by Gollancz. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

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PEPI'S BIGGEST MOMENT

A complete
short story
by
MELITA FOY

ILLUSTRATED BY RON LASKIE

PEPI RIQUETTE saw most of the world upside down.

His heaven was a ring of saw-wood and his feet walked upon air. His world had walls of striped canvas and the air of faces peering at him as he led the grand parade, walking on his hands a few inches ahead of the elephant.

There were people who said that Pepi moved upside down when the show was over, keeping to himself so much that he had become a small savage hermit amidst the vast family life of the circus.

Mind you, it was hard for a man to join in things when he was only three feet tall, but there was no need for him to be always spoiling for a fight, imagining that people were picking on him.

Maybe he was concentrating on his act, which was good enough to keep him in the show for all his surly ways, but other people managed to run their acts well and be a bit human into the bargain!

Pepi Riquette ignored them all. He lived for the moment when the lower lights in the Big Top were dimmed, and the small spot hit him with a glaring halo, and the high wire called to him.

He was vain, and he gloried in his power to stop the pulsing heart of the circus for that moment, to see the widening circle of the ring far below, to know that all the faces were upturned in homage to him.

In a long roll of the drums he unscrewed his red velvet cape and tossed it into space. For a moment it held the crowd's attention as it drifted down to

earth, falling like a red leaf, silently measuring the long, long distance from wire to sawdust.

It was a showy, insolent bit of business, but it always impressed the crowd. Then the attendant who caught the cape would throw a mock salute upwards and their eyes would again focus on Pepi.

His tragedy was that, although a dwarf, his body was most perfectly proportioned. He stood, a graceful tiny figure in red tights patterned with leaping flames of red and gold sequins, on his head a cap of red velvet, with two small horns curving out of his forehead.

As if by magic, two flaring torches appeared in his hands as he tested the wire, balanced dramatically, for a split second stood motionless in that vast silence.

"Sure, 'tis the Devil himself the little man is!" whispered Mike, the horse-trainer, peering in through the tent flap and repressing an urge to cross himself.

High above him the Devil had entered Paradise. Only Pepi Riquette knew the joy, the lightning of the spirit, which the wire gave him. It was as if he were running along the strings of a great violin which played immense, satisfying music.

With flames issuing from his hands and the wire beneath his feet, he felt like a bird flying, like a giant, like a demigod ruling over the whole circus.

He and the wire writhed and danced together. While the crowd gasped, he balanced, swung himself up, down, and around it, used it as the thin quivering base for a series of twists and somersaults that left other circus acrobats still fumbling around somewhere in the Middle Ages.

Only when he stood in the very centre of the wire and gave a low bow did the audience relax, wriggle its taut spine, clap its hands, whistle and stamp in ecstasy. To Pepi on the wire the surging, animal roar of applause came as the sweetest music.

He would begin his descent with the noise swelling in his chest. He used to swing down by a series of trapezes, finally hurling himself, a flashing red cannonball, into the net below. It caught and bounced him like a proud mother.

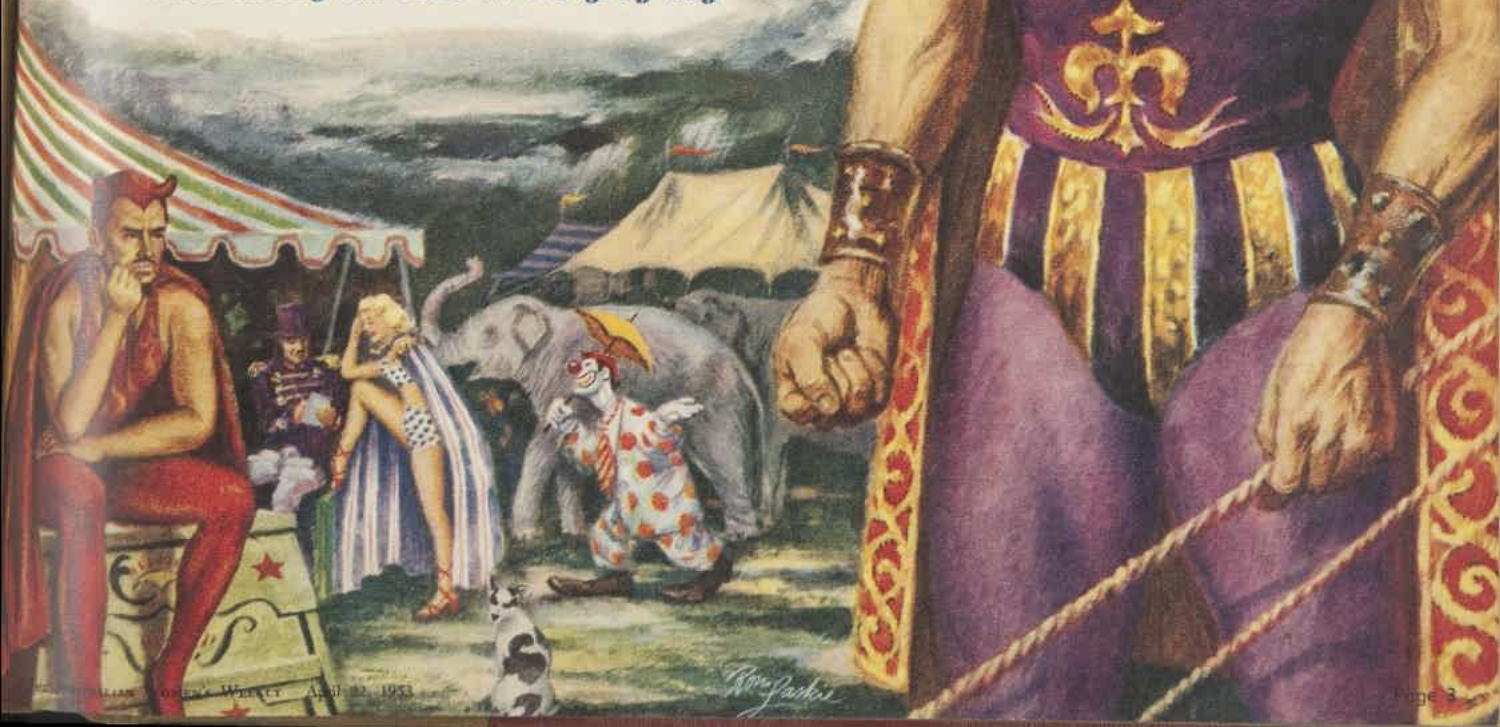
That was Pepi's act, and it was that precision and poetry in the air which brought home to the crowd the cruelty, the pathos of the small figure which stalked majestically out of the ring, knee-high to one of Mike's plump horses.

It was inevitable that Pepi's one friend in the circus should be the giant, a vast, happy, mountain of a man known as Jumbo, who ambled through life supporting things on his shoulders. Sometimes it was a complete family of tumblers, a living pyramid framing the giant's face. Sometimes it was a shrieking riot of clowns, banging themselves and the giant with bags of flour.

For a change, Jumbo would lie on his back with boards across his chest, while various animals saw-sawed across him. He was like a large animal himself, with a docility and patience against

To page 38

"I hate the rain," said Pepi, but the giant stood bareheaded tilting his face to the grey sky.





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The Secret of the Purple Reefs

IN their efforts to solve the mystery of the family's trading ship *Christophe*, which disappeared without leaving the least clue as to its fate, JOSEPH and HENRI CHRISTOPHE, travelling the Caribbean seas in their launch *Sea Lily*, interview numerous persons who might throw light on the matter.

They come to the conclusion that the loss of the *Christophe* is connected with the disappearance of two sponge fishermen, JACQUES and CHRISTIAN, who, apparently, were seeking for treasure in the Purple Reefs.

They feel there is also a connection with the wreck

of the ship *Webber* on the Purple Reefs in a hurricane the week before the *Christophe's* last voyage, but WEBBER, the wrecked ship's owner, ASHBY, the engineer, and MARTIN HERERA, the captain, all insist that this could not have been so.

Negro TOBIAS, whose son was lost with *Christophe*, is assisting the brothers, and it is presently agreed that he and Joseph will pursue the search while Henri completes a mail run alone in the *Sea Lily*.

Henri's thoughts now are constantly with RUE, Webber's niece, whom he has met in the course of the search. NOW READ ON:

AS Henri paddled the canoe down the estuary the next morning, the mists were so thick that he could not see the isolated c bin of the negro woman and could only keep his course for Jewish Bay because the mist was gold toward the west. But he managed to find and pick a great bunch of the azure dog's-tooth flower spikes.

The lovely vapor still drifted blindly over the old dock of the little settlement as he swung himself up to sit on the drenched planks and stooped to tie the canoe. Suddenly there was a cry of gladness, and Rue was on her knees beside him, her arms round his neck.

"Henri! Henri! I wasn't sure it was you, for you were using the paddle instead of oars!" Her mist-wet cheek, fresh and silken as a child's, was against his. Involuntarily he put his arms round her, and the joy of holding her was the greatest delight of home-coming that he had ever known.

He said, "Silly little Rue, what are you doing here?"

"Every morning before I open the cafe I been coming here! I said, 'Some morning, Henri will be here!' And you are! But, oh, I waited so!"

He said, "That was a very foolish thing to do."

"Every evening just before the loggers come, I run down; and after I closed up at night! Every time I waited half an hour, but you didn't come." She knelt back from him, running her finger tips lightly down his shoulders and arms.

"It's you! You're real!" Her arms went round his neck again and he put his hand on the soft-curling head pressing against his shoulder.

Hiding her face against his shirt, she begged, "Henri, ask me to marry you! I don't care if it's a thousand years to wait! I only want to think, 'Someday I'll be Henri's wife! Someday we will go to the island!' Everything I do, I think, 'Would Henri be pleased?' If I get sad, I think how good you are, an' I get happy! I just want it all to mean something because I'm going to be your wife. Say it, Henri!"

He took her face between his hands. "Do you know it may be years of waiting? And only poverty at the end? That I am not in the least the good man you think me and that islands are very lonely and island wives very much alone?"

"I only want to know you love me!" Tightening his arms about her, with his cheek against hers, he said, "I love you, little Rue! If you are foolish enough to wish it, someday will you marry me?"

Drawing back, she was quiet before him, but her lips trembled and her eyes were wide. "Thank you, Henri! Thank you!"

He laughed. "Thank you, my darling! You have made a poor bargain."

Holding hands, they knelt in front of each other in the drifting mist, smiling

marvellingly at each other. He said, astonished, "I had meant to say none of this. And perhaps I am doing a very wrong thing in letting you love me, but I do love you, little Rue, as much as a man can love a woman!"

"Only love me, Henri! Just love me! So I can think, 'Henri is a lot of miles away in his boat amongst the islands, but really and truly I'm there, too, because he loves me!' I just want to know, 'Maybe Henri is thinking of me!'"

"To judge from the great trouble it has caused me not to think of you, it would seem you can very safely think that so long as I am alive!" he said.

She jumped up, pulling him to his feet. "You haven't had breakfast. Come to the cafe and have breakfast, Henri." He laughed down into her eager face. "I still cannot afford restaurants, little m'selle. I still cannot let a little girl give me meals without charge."

Her face was desolate as her name. "Please! To please me! Oh, Henri, even coffee tastes different when we drink coffee with each other."

He smiled at her and held her tightly against him as he looked over her shoulder.

"Someday I will take you to Tampa—on a cold night when all the stars are out. And we will go down the street and catch the good smells from the restaurants, and you will choose which one smells the very best. And when we go in we will not choose the thing on the menu which is economical but the very nicest thing! And we will sit there royally and drink our coffee and watch the people, not feeling that we must hurry because we had ordered very little!"

"Dear Henri! Oh, dear Henri!" After a moment, he said, "Since M'sieur Webber is your one kin, we must tell him of our betrothal, Rue. Also I wish to be able to say, 'I speak for little Rue as her betrothed.'"

She drew back from him, and all the color and glow drained from her face. "No! No! No! He mustn't know! You mustn't tell him!"

He stared at her with puzzled eyes, then took her face gently between his hands. "Why are you so foolishly afraid of M'sieur Webber?"

"Just don't tell him! Don't talk to him! Don't tell anyone about us, Henri! If you love me, Henri!"

His face was troubled and serious. "Little Rue, dear little Rue, do not look so frightened!" She simply looked at him while her lips trembled wildly. He leaned forward and kissed her lightly on the forehead. "Tell me what troubles you." She seemingly could not speak.

Trying to re-assure her, he smiled fondly at her. "What is it? Did you once steal a dolly? Or take another little girl's hair ribbon?" He could not make her laugh.

"Just don't talk to anyone about us, Henri!" Her face was imploring. "I want

it our secret! If you have a lovely secret, you mustn't tell it, Henri, or it's spoiled!"

He loved her the more for her foolishness. They had three days of bliss, made up of fishing expeditions during the slack hours of the cafe, of moonlight expeditions into the strangeness of the 'Glades, of occasionally shared cups of coffee in the cafe. Everything she told him of her life made him love her more.

On the fourth morning, as he came on deck on the *Sea Lily*, Joseph and Tobias were poling Tobias' catboat out of the mist that was drifting gold across the river.

"Joseph! Tobias! Come see what we have to surprise Aunt Caroline!" Henri called.

After the wonders of the wheel chair had been admired, Joseph said, "Henri, the galleons were ever upon the upper tablelands of the reefs, I grow reasonably certain they are no longer up, but over."

"Then over go we! Which means a suit," Henri said. He blushed deeply. "Amongst other things, while I waited for you, I fixed up the canoe for sale and gave the *Sea Lily's* fans and plumes their fresh-water washing."

"It might be well if we washed and repacked the catboat's load here," Joseph suggested. He smiled. "I also see that Tobias wishes to try a canoe."

Tobias agreed to try the odd craft because he much desired to know the exact route into Webber's Landing, in case he should ever need to return there swiftly, should it be learned Thomas Webber knew aught of Tobias' son. And he was memorising the curves and distances of the estuary when the large negro woman spoke to him from the porch of the lonely cabin.

"Good morning, colored man. My name is Mammy."

Tobias looked up, frowning at the interruption.

With pride in the independence of her status, she explained, "Mr. Webber and I has what might be called a business arrangement. I was here before he came, but the land wasn't mine. He bought the land. Return for staying, I watch his place when he is absent. He is absent now. So may I ask your business?"

"With M'sieur Henri and M'sieur Joseph, I look for my son and for the lost motorship *Christophe*," Tobias said.

She gave him a literally golden smile. "You just looks hungry to me! It's 'most noon, and the fried chicken is a crime for a widow woman to have to eat alone."

Tobias intended to refuse the invitation. But instead he answered wonderingly, not having spoken of gentle things for a great while, "I am a widower. It is very bad when for the first time one sets one place at the table."

Unexpectedly seated at her table in the tiny kitchen that smelled

Fifth instalment of our dramatic six-part serial BY DOROTHY COTTRELL

wonderfully of good things about to be eaten, he watched—astonished that he was there to watch—as she made gibles pan gravy, and her starched white apron caught the sun and the sea gleam from the estuary.

There was an amazing amount of her, but it was all comfortable and kind. It was as if they had known each other for a great time in comfortable silence, they ate crisp-crusted chicken with brown gravy, mashed potatoes, buttered green string beans, and hot biscuits with honey. The coffee was hot, and each with creamy topmilk from the white goat in the yard.

"My man was a good man," Mammy said as she served apple pie. "Tell me about your wife."

Leaning forward, he told her earnestly. "My wife died when my son was born. My son went with his hand in mine from the time that he was high as my belt. But I found it hard when I measured him against the wall—and was glad how he had grown—because my wife was not there to see."

She nodded in sympathy. "I know. It's the little things gets you. After my man was gone, I'd be getting on better; then it would be so hard and there wouldn't be any big man's socks in the tub and not a single big man's shirt cookin' over the fire—an' I'd have to set quing on the ground, it left me so stark."

"It is hard, too; that though one goes to the grave every Sunday when one is not at sea, the face grows harder to remember, so that sometimes one cannot see it," Tobias said. He had never been able to tell any of this to anyone—even to son.

Mammy nodded. "I know. It used to hit me hard."

He told her also of the mystery of the Christophe.

Bowing vaguely at the door as he said good-bye, Tobias said wonderingly, "It was as if the clock turned back and the world was good again, with none who have done wickedness who must be punished!"

"Redressing wrong is a powerful strange thing. Seems like the Lord demands we give Him a boost in the business. But we has to be mighty careful it isn't the devil we're shovin' up by doin' more than is required," she said.

As the laden Sea Lily towed Tobias in the laden catboat up the coast toward Tampa the next morning, Joseph listened to the details of Henri's night with Thomas Webber.

"He seems to speak truth. He even seems kind, for all his grossness," Henri said. "There would appear to be no reason for fraud on his part in the loss of the Webber. Nor does anything in M'sieur Webber's way of life suggest sudden wealth."

Joseph sighed. "Against all evidence, I had come to believe that you might have been right and that there might be insurance fraud with the Webber."

"Yet M'sieur Webber is, I think, afraid of the Hereras. Certainly M'sieur Webber hates the Hereras with an almost insane hatred. M'sieur Webber swears that our



brother planned no change of course when M'sieur Webber landed in the Isle of Palms. Yet I believe those hats were in all likelihood hats the Christophe carried. Seeking where they might have come from, it was to Webber's Landing that I came!"

"The hats also could be quite innocent, Henri," Joseph said gravely. "Even should they be hats the Christophe carried, M'sieur Webber could have bought them from our brother and taken them with him as he returned to Florida. And then the hurricane that battered the camp carried them inland."

"The port officer of the Isle of Palms described M'sieur Webber as having left the Christophe with his sole possessions in a handkerchief. But baled hats do not fly from the Caribbean to the Everglades! The explanation may be innocent, but I would know it!"

"There is something else you should know," Joseph said. "As Tobias and I came north, two sponge-boat captains told us that the Hereras had been making careful inquiry as to our schedules." He regarded Henri with grave eyes. "They had told the captains that they had business to discuss with us."

Since each knew what the other was thinking, they fell silent.

"Henri, could this be?" Joseph said at length. "That the wreck of the Webber was as innocent as it seems? That the unknown thing of

Shouting madly, the Hereras pawed at their faces as hot ash and coals flew from the negro's great hands.

value or of fear upon the reefs might be something entirely else? You believe that both the little Ashby and M'sieur Webber hate and fear the Hereras. We know that the Hereras could have been back upon the Purple Reefs before our brother and the Christophe reached them.

"Assume thus that through accident they had learned of something they desired upon the reefs—something of very great value. Or that Jacques and Christian had learned of it, and the Hereras had learned of it from them. The Hereras are capable of killing for what they wish! Then, upon valuable knowledge and guilty act, the added complication of the Christophe comes. Our brother guesses and cannot be silenced except in death."

"Something of enormous value on the Purple Reefs? Something whose possession was endangered by the presence of witnesses? But what, Joseph?" Henri asked, grinning without mirth as he made Joseph say it.

"Treasure," Joseph said, blushing. "I only wanted to make my practical one say the word," Henri said grimly. "But why, then, would not the Hereras silence M'sieur Webber and the little Ashby, since you assume them innocent?"

"Could it be that, for some reason

we do not know, they know that the sheer fear of the Hereras would keep M'sieur Webber and M'sieur Ashby silent?"

"I, too, have wondered that. I cannot see the Hereras trusting to men's fear when they could use the sea's certainty. If they should let two witnesses live when they had reason for wishing no witnesses, it would seem they must have had great need of those whom they let live. And what need could there be, brother?"

Joseph groaned. "As always the impossibility!"

"It is now my turn to say something that sounds most foolish, Joseph. The niece of M'sieur Webber, little M'selle Rue, thinking it merely a matter for laughter, told me that M'sieur Webber is afraid of the sea. How then, after a voyage of terror, was he as a playing fawn upon Home Island?"

He sighed. "Probably it is merely another contradiction sent to torment us."

The rain showers were rosy against dark clouds to the east, and Tampa Bay a great rose of evening as the Sea Lily and her tow docked at the foot of the old brick-paved city.

The customs officer informed Henri and Joseph, "The John P.

Rings was in for a load of bulls—the usual floating menagerie! And Martin Herrera was asking at length about your schedule. The pirates had evidently expected you to be here."

"We would have been had business not delayed us," Henri said.

With the sea things unloaded, Tobias said, "I will leave now." He looked at the sky, that was green and streaked with last rosy clouds. "There will be good wind to-morrow. I will have collected many fans and perhaps have learned something when you return to the reefs."

"I do not like it that you should be alone on the reefs, Tobias!" Henri said, frowning. "We want no more men who do not come home again!"

"It was not Tobias whose words might perchance have troubled M'sieur Webber," Tobias said. "Neither is it for Black Tobias that the Hereras are asking in the ports."

They watched his catboat drift through shimmer of rose and green past the lilac silhouettes of the great phosphate docks. "At least the Hereras can hardly be delivering bulls to the reefs," Joseph said. "And they would have to be very much interested ere they would make a special journey there."

Tobias, approaching the Purple Reefs and the undulating sand dunes from the north in the glitter

To page 40

HEED THESE DANGER SIGNS

they're important to your health and happiness!



Overwork starts many a breakdown

Work must be done... but overwork weakens your resistance to illness... makes you nervy, irritable. But MILO can help. Regular cups of delicious, chocolate-flavoured MILO give your body and nerves the extra nourishment they need. MILO builds up a reserve of energy and stamina... keeps your health equal to the demands made on it.

Don't let sleeplessness undermine your health

Sleeplessness is often one of the first danger-signals of a breakdown ahead! Take heed in time... drink a cup of hot MILO at bedtime every night. MILO soothes and relaxes tired nerves, encourages sound, restful sleep. Carry on the good work all round the clock—drink MILO during the day as well. Containing nutritious malted cereals and full-cream milk, fortified with extra vitamins A, B and D, and rich in essential health minerals, MILO is the tonic that builds you up and *keeps* you up.



Nervy? Irritable?
Do something about it
before it's too late!

Nervous irritability is a sure sign of overstrained nerves and rundown health. *Halt* before it's too late... get back on the right road with the aid of MILO. Make delicious, chocolate-flavoured MILO the family tonic... serve it frequently during the day—always at bedtime. Soon the tension will ease—life will be fun again... simply because you *feel* better, *sleep* better, have more energy and zest. Rich in vitamins and health minerals, MILO just *can't fail* to do good!



MILO

The Tonic for the Times

- for • SPARKLING GOOD HEALTH
• CALM, CONFIDENT NERVES
• STRONG RESISTANCE TO ILLNESS
• SOUND, PEACEFUL SLEEP



8-OZ. TINS 3/3
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Please specify when ordering
A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT



There was no fuss when he wanted
to say goodbye... only orchids in
a box with the wrong sort of note

Peter Rabbit

BY PAUL
ERNST

THE package was small and compact. It wasn't really heavy, but it seemed so to Peter Rodgers, because it represented another feminine complication. Peter had a few more than his share of these.

Not because he was so handsome or full of charm, but because of his job: even an average kind of chap, if he is also a budding radio-play writer, is exposed to complications.

It had its bright side: Peter liked girls. The trouble was that too often they showed signs of wanting to cling to him for keeps, and that was not for Peter.

In the first place, he was too busy now, his hours were too erratic—he'd make a terrible husband, he recently assured himself.

In the second place, he was always vaguely wondering if the pretty dancers, actresses, and singers were interested in him or in what he might do for them.

You cannot, of course, explain this sort of thing to a girl. Peter didn't even try; whenever one began to seem possessive he just ran.

Rather, he borrowed the technique of a cynical bachelor uncle and sent her the Rodgers orchid.

"Dear Anne," he'd write, "can't get you out of my mind. And ain't you?" Or, "Dear Helen: In memory of last night."

But Helen's note and orchid would be sent "mistakenly" to Anne, and Anne's to Helen. A florist's clumsy error. Finis.

It was a low blow, to be used only in an emergency. But, hang it, an emergency was always arising.

He'd meet a girl he liked, and they'd have fun together, and then a speculative look would come into her eyes, and she'd start fondly criticizing his haircuts and trying to conserve his health and money instead of helping spend them.

So Peter, the rabbit, would get very, very busy. Days would pass. Then, oftener than not, the phone would ring. "Peter, how nice to hear your voice! Just thought I'd call and say hello..."

Or the small reminding present—book, record, what not. "Dear Pete: For no particular reason—but how are you these days?" Then hastily he would send the fatal orchid.

Peter set this latest reproachful present on his coffee table and lighted a pipe and looked at it.

The small packet from the tobacconist would be from Sally. It had to be, because he hadn't had a date of any consequence with anyone but Sally in the three months since he'd met her.

That had been a crazy moment in Mooney's cafe, where radio people dash in for a counter lunch.

Peter had stood impatiently behind a girl with bright hair, a tilted nose, and the preoccupied look of someone soundlessly rehearsing lines.

She'd turned from her stool to get down and landed smack on Peter's left instep. "Oh, dear! I'm so sorry."

"I'll live," Peter said, and grinned. "Shouldn't have crowded in so close."

"If there are any broken bones you can sue me."

"Where would my lawyer find you?"

"Barry Lane show," she called over her shoulder, laughing, excited, as if being in a show, any show, was too divine.

That evening Peter found that for Sally Kay it was. She'd been in amateur shows, done a little professional stage work, and finally she'd got a job with Barry Lane. "I'm wonderful," she said. "I must be, or Barry wouldn't keep me in his show."

Peter frowned at the mention of

Barry Lane. He was no kind of man for this nice kid to know. For she was nice, and quick, and bright. Not beautiful, but a girl he soon found it was fun to be with.

So they were together a lot. They had the gay times you can have in any big city—the little restaurants, the beach parties, some evenings at his flat listening to records or talking shop—though Sally never mentioned Barry Lane.

Peter liked best the Sunday afternoons and evenings they spent at her place.

"I can cook like mad," she told him. "I'm the biggest thing since Oscar of the Waldorf. I must be—when I cook, everybody calls the fire brigade."

She cooked wonderfully, if you asked Peter. He loved her cooking and the way she looked in a tiny apron over a frilly dress, and the way her eyes crinkled up as she anxiously tasted things.

On every count, Sally was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to Peter, and he wished with all his soul that this friendship could go on for ever and that he could believe her frequent statements that she was too busy now even to think of marriage.

But it was on a Sunday—just six days ago—that the inevitable lines had marred the script...

It had been a raw and cold August day, but in Sally's one-room flat everything smelled warm and cheerful and all-over rosy.

Peter watched her click around the kitchenette on high, neat heels, and the steak he'd brought was sizzling under the griller, and potatoes baking in the oven. There was also wine, since this was an occasion.

"To-morrow's our anniversary, Sally; know it?"

"Anniversary?" she said cheerfully. "Oh, yes. Three months ago at Mooney's I broke your foot."

"You hardly even bent it. I took the cast off weeks ago."

"Settle out of court?" Sally came to him with laughter in her eyes. Peter kissed her, and it was odd; with this girl, each kiss seemed to have more satisfaction than the last.

"You really ought to try another barber," Sally said, smoothing his hair. "And this tie—it's pretty, but why don't you get more like that nice blue one that knots so well?"

Peter shrank back in his chair. "Oh, no!" he moaned. But Sally seemed unaware of what she'd done, so in a minute he began to hope that perhaps after all she'd done nothing. One small, proprietorial sentence didn't necessarily mean the end.

They had their dinner, and Peter, puffing his pipe while he helped with the dishes, found himself wishing they could do this more often.

"I love to see you smoke a pipe," said Sally. "My father does. He has a special mixture—if I can remember what it is I'll send you some."

She hung up the towel and patted his cheek. "There. That was fun. But imagine doing this dreary little chore every night for some man."

"Wouldn't it depend on the man?" Peter said before he thought. Then he frowned. That could be read the wrong way.

She shrugged. "I'd rather bend over a hot microphone. Career first, with me."

Maybe, oh, maybe, she really meant it, Peter thought. But just the same we'd better get out of here before I say something I don't mean.

This was new—for Peter to have to watch his own impulses instead of other people's. But you can always control your own behaviour, after all.

"Let's go for a drive," he said. "We can have some supper at that new roadhouse near the beach."

She kissed him and straightened his tie. "There's a new Italian film around the corner. Let's see that. It won't cost a fortune, and we'll get out earlier. You ought to get some sleep."

Peter stared at Sally's little present. Six days. The longest six days there had ever been.

No call to Sally, no meeting with her, no laughing, talking, doing gay things with her. She'd got to him, there was no denying that.

He knew for himself now how it was when somebody abruptly broke all contact. A dozen times he'd had to slap his hand down from a telephone, and twice he'd changed the address he gave a cab driver.

But he'd get over it, he guessed; and he had hoped that Sally would, too. Without the orchid.

But here was the small, inevitable reminder that the break was not yet clean. Dear Peter: For no particular reason...

Peter opened the package—a tin of pipe tobacco and a note.

The note—Peter read it twice and still did not believe it. This wasn't happening. It was just something in a show he'd once directed.

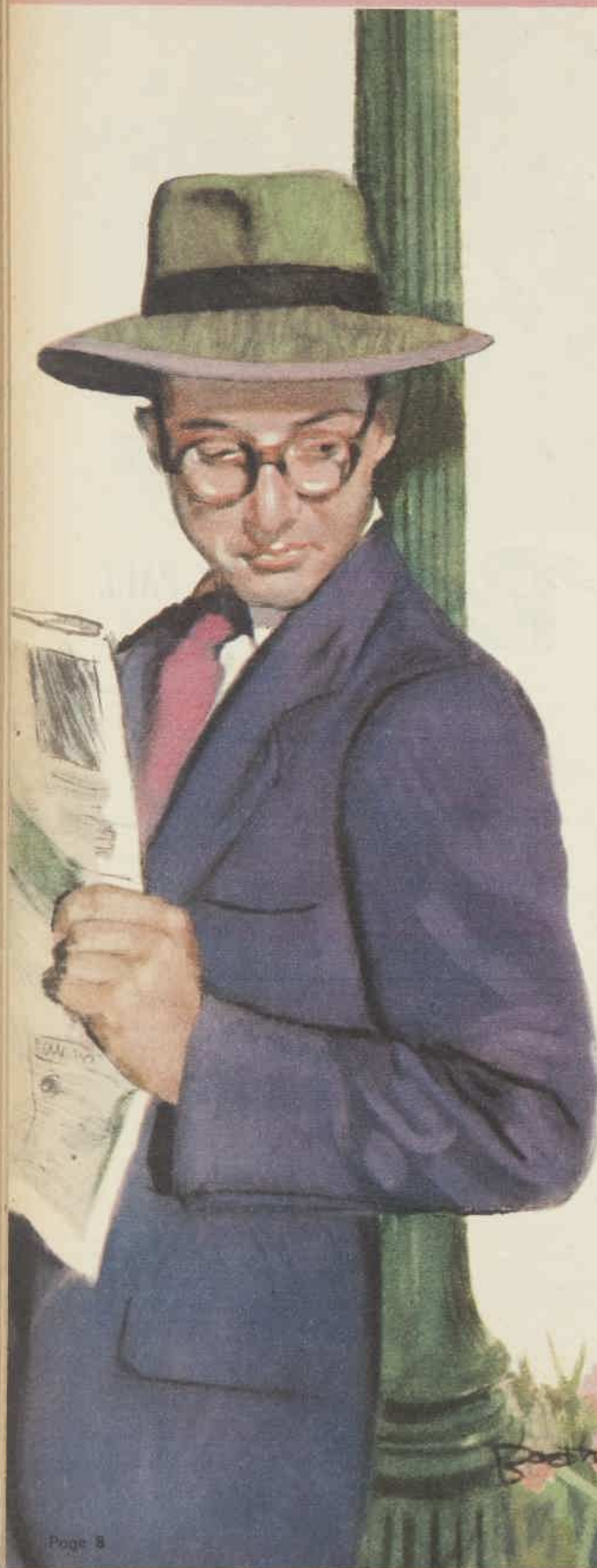
He had her number half dialled before he realised that he was at the phone. He slammed the receiver back. Didn't he have any pride at all, calling her after a thing like that?

He jammed his hat and topcoat on. No, he wouldn't phone! He'd go to her himself, have it out in person. There must be an explanation. Some unconscious slip of the pen.

She couldn't really have meant to write: "Dear Barry: This is Dad's mixture that I said on that lovely evening I would send. Your Sally."

(Copyright)

Stop That Marriage



Gilbert Breckenbridge Associates,
Engineering Consultants,
Toronto, Ont.

Fred Brooke,
Brooke Contracting Company,
N.Y. City.
July 20, 1952.

Dear Fred,—Please do something for me immediately. My daughter Ann has gone out of her mind. She writes that she's in love with some long-haired Bohemian in Greenwich Village. I've heard of that place. That's what I get for listening to her nonsense. A nineteen-year-old girl shouldn't be in New York alone.

I want you to put her on a train immediately and send her home. She's at the Commodore. Sincerely,

GIL BRECKENBRIDGE.

P.S.: If you'd kept an eye on her as I asked you to this wouldn't have happened. I'd fly to N.Y. myself if I weren't impossibly tied up. I'm counting on you.

Gilbert Breckenbridge Associates,
Engineering Consultants,
Toronto, Ont.
July 20, 1952.

Ann Breckenbridge,
Commodore Hotel, N.Y. City.

Ann, darling,—Don't do anything foolish or hasty, that's all I ask of you. I know how headstrong you are. You hardly know this young man. One foolish act now and your whole life could be wrecked.

What sort of family does the boy come from? And what kind of painting does he do? What is his income?

My dear, you know I'm only looking out for your welfare. Why don't you get a train or plane and come home and talk it over. Bring the young man too. Let's get acquainted. Your loving father,

GIL.

P.S.: If you get married without me first okaying the boy, you won't get another penny from me.

Hotel Commodore, N.Y. City.
July 23, 1952.

Gil Breckenbridge,
Gilbert Breckenbridge Associates,
Toronto.

Dear Father,—I am quite sure of what I'm doing. I love Sam dearly. I won't bring him up to see you because I know exactly what will happen. You'll give Sam the works. So I'm going to marry him before you can stop us. Sam is a struggling artist with lots of talent. He hasn't any money and his father is a bookkeeper and Sam is the youngest of eight children. It would break your heart to hear of their struggles and what Sam goes through trying to sell his work to these stupid art editors who have no appreciation of talent.

Please, father, don't worry. I'm doing the right thing. I love him so very dearly. When I'm with him I feel safe and thrilled at the same time. It's such an adventure. You've sent me on chaperoned European tours twice and given me my own car and a mink coat, but I never had the fun I have with Sam. We ate in a funny little Italian place. It smelled of garlic but it was nicer than any other place I ever ate, because Sam was there.

Darling, I know that you want me to marry in my "class" as you put it. You're a lovable old stuffed shirt. You forget you have been through all the "classes" yourself in the past fifty years. If I bring Sam to see you he'll only be nervous and awed at all the fancy furnishings and you will probably scare the living daylight out of him. He wouldn't look good at all to you.

So please forgive me if your threat to cut

me off without a cent has no effect. Not only is Sam not a fortune hunter. I'm not, either. I'm sure that once you get over the shock you'll just love him. I feel awful that you won't be at the wedding, but I'm not going to risk you pulling some of your high-handed stunts. Your loving daughter,

ANN.

Brooke Contracting Company,
N.Y. City.
July 23, 1952.

Gil Breckenbridge,
Gilbert Breckenbridge Associates,
Toronto.

Dear Gil,—I was a little annoyed at first by the tone of your letter. Then, as I looked it over, I got even more annoyed. Just what do you expect me to do; kidnap her? Ann has a mind of her own.

And I did keep an eye on her. My secretary worked out a whole itinerary for her stay in New York. Shows, museums, night-clubs. I sent one of the office clerks to accompany her, a nice, safe man named Pearson, just her height so she could handle him if he got fresh. And I can't imagine Pearson getting fresh.

It isn't my fault she took that sightseeing bus and ended up in the Village.

However, rather than have you burst a blood vessel and so lose your business, I will look at this artist. What's his name? His address? I hope the engineering consulting you are doing is more complete than the information you expect me to act on.

Relax, you old walrus. Affectionately,
FRED.

C.P.R. Telegraph, Toronto,
July 25, 1952.

Fred Brooke,
Brooke Contracting Company, N.Y.

Don't be stupid, Fred; you don't think she told me the name or address? She knows I'd try to stop it. She's trying to soften me up. Get detective follow her. Where's your initiative and imagination? Hurry. Who knows what fool thing she's doing.—GIL.

Brooke Contracting Company,
N.Y. City.
July 25, 1952.

Gil Breckenbridge,
Gilbert Breckenbridge Associates,
Toronto.

Dear Gil,—Ann left the Commodore. I guess she knew you'd get excited about this, but don't worry. I hired the McBranty Detective Agency. They're a good firm. Not only did they find her right away (at the Astor) but she doesn't know she's being followed.

The way I see the situation, Gil, there's no point in doing just what Ann expects you to do, rush in like a bull in a china shop. I've given orders that I'm to be informed if there's any sign of a wedding being arranged.

If that happens, then I'll reluctantly step in and plead with them to wait. That's about all I can do. I'm having a complete report of the young man's background and day-to-day reports of his activities sent to you, with carbon copies sent to me. The detective assigned will shadow Ann until she visits the young man. From then on you'll get a good idea of what's up.

Why don't you stop trying to live Ann's life? Haven't you any confidence in the way you've brought her up?

FRED.

C.P.R. Telegraph, Toronto,
July 27, 1952.

Fred Brooke,
Brooke Contracting Co., N.Y.

If Ann marries that long-haired ninny our friendship and business relationship are fin-

A gay, amusing romance

By ROBERT ZACKS

TO THE MONKEY HOUSE

TO THE

alred. Your carelessness responsible for this, so you better straighten it out if you know what's good for you. Won't have Ann ruining life because of inexperience. She's just a child.
GILBERT BRECKENBRIDGE.

Brooke Contracting Company,
N.Y. City,
July 27, 1952.

Joe McBranty,
McBranty Detective Agency,
N.Y. City.

Dear Joe—Here is the telegram enclosed that I spoke to you about on the phone. You've done many a neat and confidential job for me, Joe, but believe this is the most important.

Most of my Canadian business is done with Breckenbridge or through his influence. He's an old pal but as head-headed a pirate as ever made his million. His daughter is the apple of my eye (and what an apple!), and if she marries this artist I'm cooked. No kidding, it's that serious.

So, first get the dope on him, and if it looks like a wedding don't hesitate to use some brute force. Slug him if necessary and shanghai him to China or something. Anything, but no wedding. See? Sincerely,

FRED BROOKE.

McBranty Detective Agency,
N.Y. City,
July 28, 1952.

Fred Brooke,
Brooke Contracting Co.,
N.Y. City.

Dear Fred,—I wish you'd show a little more discretion. You should never put such requests in writing. I'm destroying your letter. We'll do a good job, don't worry, though just now I can't spare more than one man. Business is terrific. Divorces, blackmail, and insurance frauds, you know. Put two men on as soon as I can. Sincerely,

JOE.

McBranty Detective Agency,
N.Y. City.

Case 1040—Ann Breckenbridge
Assigned to Holloway.

Report No. 1—To Mr. McBranty.
Forward to
Gilbert Breckenbridge,
Gilbert Breckenbridge Associates,
Toronto.

Copy—Brooke Contracting Company,
N.Y. City.

Detective located young lady at Astor Hotel via questioning of doorman, bellboys, taxicab driver, and a few telephone calls. Young lady did not register under different name.

Very easy to shadow this person. Hair is golden blond, figure excellent,

walks determinedly. Can follow her in a crowd by merely watching long line of male heads turn. Used to being stared at so doesn't notice much. Used to being followed, too, I think.

Young lady met gentleman at lunch counter. Greeted with passionate kiss. Everybody stared. Kissers oblivious of everybody. Gentleman about twenty-five, thin, lanky, tall. Very gloomy, harried expression, despite obvious joy in kissing young lady. His name is Sam. Heard girl call him that. They ate hamburgers and malted milks. He didn't have enough to pay bill. Young lady paid bill. Gentleman carried huge portfolio. Sh-dowed couple. They walked holding hands till 3 p.m. Went to Central Park Zoo. Talked in low, earnest tones, couldn't catch words. He seemed to be very bitter. Opened portfolio, showed something, waved angrily, closed portfolio and looked up at heavens, shaking fist wildly. Seems queer person.

Followed gentleman when couple parted at 5 p.m.

He went to Greenwich Village. Lives on ground floor of old brown house. I queried local grocer, had a drink in local bar, and, using excuse of looking for a flat, rang caretaker's bell in young man's house. Results follow:

Grocer: Young man pays his bills

but cats poorly. Full name Sam Stanford. Freelance artist. Very quiet. Never discusses business with grocer. This annoys grocer. Grocer sure young man is a spy as he seems to frequent waterfront a lot, making sketches. Grocer asked, eagerly, if I'm F.B.I. Said I wasn't. Grocer winked.

Bartender: Bartender uncommunicative in the extreme.

Landlady: Landlady is caretaker too. Huge woman with suspicious face. She said she'd be having a vacancy soon as young man in basement flat (one room) moves shortly. She said it was all right with her, too, because of goings-on. Highly immoral. She peered through window last week and saw nude woman posing for painting.

Asked when he's moving. Answer, doesn't know. Paid up till end of month (one week away) and may leave any day. I asked what rent was. Sixty dollars a month. Told her I wanted more than one room for such money.

Dinner on corner nearby. Ate and kept an eye on house through window. Had to leave plate of Irish stew in middle as Sam came out dressed in new dark suit, starched white shirt, red tie. This made me think fast. What

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While Sam and Ann sat talking on a seat the detective listened to their intense conversation.

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD



if he's getting married right away? Orders to stop marriage might be difficult to carry out. Debated whether to hit him and call taxi or what?

Followed Sam to store nearby, headquarters for a moving-van company. Loitered outside door listening, lighting cigarette. Possible to hear every word. Sam made arrangements to move in three days. Haggle over price of fifteen dollars per hour. Young man wanted to know how many hours since old flat is on ground floor and new flat is only up three steps. Wanted maximum price set. Moving man refused to set maximum. Young man started to walk out. Moving man called him back, said he'd make a price after looking over furniture to be moved.

Got general impression of young man who doesn't throw money around. So did moving-man people.

Followed Sam to subway, uptown to Astor Bar, where he and young lady engaged in passionate kiss. People staring, amused. Couple oblivious of people. Followed them to Museum of Science and Industry in Rockefeller Plaza, where Sam proceeded to demonstrate great interest in gadgets. Young lady wore adoring look on her face as she watched him play with gadgets.

She asked why he studied art when he was so interested in science. Young man launched in fervent discussion of relation between art and science and so forth. Very abstract. Couldn't follow. Don't think young lady could either, though she seemed to enjoy it.

Lecture finished by young man with statement that as youngest of eight children he never had chance to do fixing of plumbing or painting the rooms, as other brothers did. Left him with great desire to fix and paint.

Young man then took Miss Breckenbridge to her hotel and said good-bye in street. Kissed good-night passionately.

Followed young man home. Waited outside until 5 a.m. Could see through window young man was packing. Light went out at 5 a.m.

Period covered 11 a.m., July 27, to 5 a.m., July 28. Very groggy. Suggest Smitty be assigned to case, too, if possible. Wedding can't be far away.—Signed, Holloway.

C.P.R. Telegraph, Toronto, July 29, 1952.
Fred Brooke... Brooke Contracting Company... NYC...

Report shows how serious situation is. Am taking plane to New York. Will be at Commodore. Stop that wedding!—Gilbert Breckenbridge.

McBranty Detective Agency, N.Y. City. Assigned to Holloway and Smithson. Report No. 2 to Mr. McBranty Forward to Gilbert Breckenbridge, c/o Commodore Hotel. Copy to Brooke Contracting Company NYC.

Detectives rented car and alternately used it to perform duties. Taxi too conspicuous. Two days spent by Ann Breckenbridge and Sam Stanford in shopping for curtains and kitchen utensils. Girl in a wonderful glow, though now and then she becomes teary and boy soothes her with kiss.

Boy sent telegram to parents announcing marriage (see copy enclosed), and marriage will be in Sam's new flat, day after they move in on July 30. New flat in Flatbush, Brooklyn, 13th Street and Avenue U. Followed couple there. Rooms number three, nice section with trees and green lawns around the area. Good shopping area.

from page 9

Couple busy hanging curtains, stopping for long passionate kisses. Sam beginning to notice detectives. Stares hard at us now and then as we walk by. Said something to young lady who seized Sam's arm, murmuring something.

Young man came over to detectives with rather belligerent manner. I asked him genially if he's moving in to new flat there. Sam said yes, what about it. Glared at us. I said we're neighbors. Made it vague. Young man asked our names. He's a sharp kid, was going to check doorbells, I guess. Told him we live in furnished room. Satisfied him. He went back to girl, reassured her. We went up to restaurant on corner and had lunch. Smitty depressed. Said sometimes he hated his work. Said they're a couple of nice kids and it was a crying shame that we had to hit the kid and stop the wedding. I agreed with him. But orders are orders. We'll do the job.

Signed Holloway and Smithson.
Time covered July 28, 29 to 6 p.m.

McBranty Detective Agency Case 1040—Ann Breckenbridge Assigned to Holloway and Smithson

Report No. 3 to Mr. McBranty Forward to Gilbert Breckenbridge, c/o Commodore Hotel.

Copy to Brooke Contracting Company, NYC.

Detectives agreed with Mr. McBranty on his plan to delay wedding by intercepting minister and showing him private police credentials. After that we would improvise, and if neces-

sary use a number of forceful methods, such as arresting the young man on a charge of kidnapping. Mr. Breckenbridge, young lady's father, will support such a charge.

The above is repeated by detectives so it will be understood that detectives had a clear idea of plans and that it was not our fault the following screw-ball incidents took place, throwing the whole plan off.

The moving van arrived from old Greenwich Village flat with furniture at 9 a.m. and were greeted happily by young lady and gentleman.

From the way the moving-men moved you would think, Mr. McBranty, that we'd paid them to slow up. At fifteen bucks an hour they stopped to tell jokes, and consult regarding means and methods. It developed that they could get everything in but the couch.

No matter how they tried they couldn't get the couch in. It measures two inches wider sideways than the doorway and if it is stood up on end it still can't get in because the back of it rises up in the centre, making it three inches wider at that point than the doorway.

As they spent more and more time trying to get it in, the time arrived for the minister to come to tie the knot and, of course, he didn't come either.

When Smitty and I came back from having a heart-to-heart talk with the minister the situation, as we used to say in the army where I was an M.P., was really snafu. The young lady had a grim look on her face and her eyes were blazing with the light of battle.

She was telling Sam not to worry. She kissed him and went off to look for another minister. The couch was out on

the footpath and people were gathering around.

Sam was giving the moving men a hot argument. They said it couldn't be done. He said it could be done. They said go ahead and do it, we can't. Sam said them off and sat down on the couch and held his head in his hands as if he was sick.

The crowd was getting bigger, standing around giving all sorts of advice. A lady of sixty said it was just too bad, what a pity, now he'd have to throw the couch away.

Sam said in a loud voice that he would not. It was a couch that turned into a bed and it cost him three hundred and twenty-five dollars and it was only six months old and he wasn't going to lose on it.

An old man with big shoulders, dressed in a nice suit, was listening, staring at Sam. He asked Sam what he was going to do. Sam jumped up, looking mad.

"We'll get it in," he said. "Those moving men are lazy crooks. I'll take the door off and we'll move it at an angle. It can be done, if you studied geometry," said Sam grimly. "Grab hold there," he said.

Smitty and I were surprised to see he was talking to us. We were neighbors and we'd been friendly, he figured. Anyway, it was an interesting problem. So we grabbed one end.

Mr. McBranty, I want to tell you that was the heaviest thing I ever tried to lift. It must have weighed four hundred pounds. You couldn't get a grip on it.

Sam took off the door and the inside door and we followed his instructions. He and the old man with the shoulders took the other end. Everybody yelled instructions and even the cops came to see what the crowd was about.

We worked for an hour, but the screw-on legs blocked us.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

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*There is
no substitute
for wool*

Inverted by The Australian Wool Board, 414-18 Collins Street, Melbourne.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 22, 1953

Page 11



At last I can lift my arms above my shoulders

thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Read what this man says:

I had been going downhill for 12 months. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arms above shoulder level. A friend of mine recommended Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, and within a week I began to regain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel 10 years younger...

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the everyday poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

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Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the tried and proven family remedy, exert their cleansing tonic action on Kidneys, Bladder and Blood-stream—rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling, those aches and pains that sap your strength.

Start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 7/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 4/- from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Wed in America...



AT RECEPTION after the Kiker-Kidman wedding in Santa Fe, New Mexico. From left, the bride's father, Mr. Walter Kidman, Mrs. Frank Hartley, Mrs. Walter Kidman, Mrs. H. A. Kiker, and Judge Kiker in background. The reception was held at the La Fonda Hotel.



GUEST. Bentrice B. Roach, Secretary of State of New Mexico, at pre-wedding party.



CHAMPAGNE for Mr. John Young-Hunter, of Taos, New Mexico, who talks with Mrs. Mabel Dodge Lujan, also of Taos, at the reception held after the Kiker-Kidman wedding.



BRIDESMAIDS Margaret Philcox (left) and Ann Kidman, both of Adelaide, meet Mr. Tony Lujan at the wedding reception at La Fonda Hotel, Santa Fe. Mr. Lujan, who is a Red Indian, wears his hair long and plaited. Bridesmaids flew to U.S. for the wedding.

Australian girl's romance



PRE-WEDDING PARTY. Guest of honor, bride-elect Barbara Kidman (centre), with her bridesmaids, Ann Kidman (left) and Margaret Philcox, at one of the many pre-wedding parties in Santa Fe.

Courtship began in Adelaide

All the essentials of a story-book romance were in the meeting, whirlwind courtship, and marriage of Adelaide University student pretty Barbara Kidman to handsome young American Henry Kiker, whose wedding took place in Santa Fe, New Mexico, on March 26.

BARBARA, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kidman, of "Eringa," Millswood, Adelaide, is a member of a family whose name is known throughout Australia.

Her grandfather, the late Sir Sidney Kidman, was celebrated as the "Cattle King" who developed station properties in South Australia, Queensland, and New South Wales, which at one time were estimated to cover from 85,000 to 100,000 square miles.

He was born near Adelaide 46 years ago and died in 1935. Before World War I he was reputed to be a millionaire. He used much of his money in philanthropy and he was knighted in 1921 for his services to Australia and the British Empire.

Tall, fair-haired Henry Kiker and his colleague, David Hunter, came to Australia last June as a two-man debating team representing American university teams. Both Henry and David were 23-year-old law students.

On their arrival in Adelaide, Neville Reid, president of the Student Representative Council, arranged a dance at his home to welcome them. Twenty-year-old Barbara attended, met the guests of honor, and her romance with Henry Kiker was on its way.

The two Americans went on to other capitals, but several times Henry flew back to Adelaide between debates to see Barbara.

Before leaving for America, he returned once more to Adelaide, and his engagement to Barbara was announced at her parents' home at the end of September.

Busy weeks followed for Barbara, who had arranged to fly to America last December to stay with Henry's parents, Judge and Mrs. H. A. Kiker, at their home at Santa Fe, New Mexico, where her marriage was scheduled to take place in the new year.

After attending many farewell parties in Adelaide, and visiting Melbourne to buy her trousseau and wedding gown, she left by plane for her new home.

Barbara was thrilled with her first Christmas in America. The next excitement was the arrival of her younger sister Ann and her great friend Margaret Philcox, who flew from Adelaide to be her bridesmaids.

Visited mountains

THE three girls went to the Sangre de Cristo Mountains for the snow sports before the last-minute rush of preparations for the wedding.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kidman arrived by sea a few days before the wedding, bringing with them the bride's and bridesmaids' frocks.

On the day before the wedding, there was fresh excitement for the Kidman and Kiker families. All members went to the Law Courts to see the bridegroom-elect admitted to the New Mexico State Bar.

He graduated last year from

BRIDAL COUPLE. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kiker at their wedding reception in Santa Fe, New Mexico. The bride, formerly Barbara Kidman, of Adelaide, first met her husband when he visited Australia with a debating team.



the University of Arizona, and is now in partnership with his father, an eminent jurist, who has established a lucrative law practice in New Mexico.

Barbara's wedding to Henry took place in the Episcopal Church of the Holy Faith in Santa Fe — the 300-year-old capital of New Mexico.

The Rev. C. J. Kinsolving, rector of the church, performed the ceremony. Mr. Walter Kidman gave his daughter away.

Her lovely bridal gown was an original model of white imported French brocade with a design of raised white satin roses woven through the material with golden threads which glinted as the late afternoon sunlight shone on it.

The full skirt, floor-length, was designed with unpressed pleats, and the bodice was made with a V-shaped neckline with winged revers.

The bride's Juliet cap of lace held a shoulder-length tulle veil and she carried a shower bouquet of cymbidium orchids.

The bridesmaids wore brilliant frocks of aqua faille and matching caps, and carried bouquets of yellow roses.

Tom Jones, of Tucson, Arizona, was best man and ushers were Frederick Maeder, of Adelaide, John Stewart, of Tucson, and Wilson Pollard, of Albuquerque, New Mexico.

After the ceremony the bride's parents gave a reception for 150 guests in the Santa Fe room at La Fonda Hotel—a luxury hotel of America's south-west. Here the lace-covered bridal table held a five-tiered cake, the base surrounded with white carnations, white snapdragons, and smilax.

The table from which champagne was served was decorated in the same way. White flowers and green foliage were

banked around the large fireplace.

Mrs. Kidman received the guests with her husband and the bridegroom's parents. Mrs. Kidman wore a Christian Dior gown of draped grey silk chiffon under a redingote of grey silk velvet. Her cloche hat was trimmed with a wing of grey tulle.

The bridegroom's mother wore an afternoon frock of navy-blue silk and navy accessories, and a corsage of green cymbidium orchids.

Toasts to the bride and bridegroom included one given in Spanish by Manuel A. Sanchez, a prominent attorney in Santa Fe.

Many parties

THE bride and bridegroom went to Acapulco, a fashionable resort of the Pacific coast of Mexico, for the honeymoon. They will live in a flat at Santa Fe, but they plan to build their own home soon.

Before her wedding, Barbara was feted extensively in Santa Fe, an average of three parties a day being given in her honor for a month. She modelled at the March of Dimes fashion show for the poliomyelitis appeal and was a junior hostess at a large coffee party arranged by the Democratic Party.

Barbara is delighted with life in New Mexico. "People here are so friendly and so many of the people I have met are friends of friends of ours in other parts of the world," she said. "The skiing is wonderful. The vastness is so like my own Australia. I love it."

Because of Judge Kiker's ill-health, his son must take a major share in his law practice, so the bride and bridegroom have not made any plans to visit Australia.

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APRIL SNOW

By Lillian Budd

A growing family, a lazy husband, and all the responsibility for the farm are a big challenge for any woman. But Sigrid, the beautiful and intelligent heroine of this story, met all demands with the courage and integrity that make success inevitable.

16/- From all Booksellers.

It's Jacket time



Leaves are falling, temperatures too. It's high time to set yourself up for cold weather comfort in one of these new Speedo "warms". There's a Speedo style for every taste, for every kind of leisure activity, for every pocket. You'll find zipp fronts, button fronts, sleeveless slip-ons, round-neck, V-neck or

turtle-neck pullovers — all bearing the famous Speedo label which means fine tailoring from the finest pure wool fabrics.

As for colour — start for your nearest men's wear store and see the whole range of no less than 14 new Speedo masculine shades.



Two stars from the Speedo galaxy. The "Palm beach" cardigan (left) with full-length zipp front, and the conventional button front cardigan (right). Both of superfine multi-dyed wool with the "feel" of fine cashmere.

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for leisure



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If you're an early morning riser, you'll go for this Speedo turtle-neck pullover with the deep roll collar that turns down to a neat neck roll. Wool, pure fine wool that's a treat to pull over your eyes.

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YOUTH SERIES by Kay Melaun

Finding happiness

"Grow old along with me," burred Robert Browning. "The best is yet to be."

Ah yes, it turned out to be true for Elizabeth Barrett, if debatably so in the case of Robert.

BUT it's one thing to contemplate the future when you've found your one true love and quite another to face it alone.

But, then, what is the happiest time of anyone's life?

It differs with almost every individual. Some find their happiness young and keep it all their lives; some have to wait until middle age and beyond. A very few grouse away all their lives, and their famous last words are that they've never been happy.

Of course you're young now.

If you're still at school you'll know that it's mostly a nightmare of getting there on time, circumventing the antipathy of one or more teachers, not letting class unpopularity get you down, and trying to reconcile the impossibilities of having a reasonably good time and staying out of serious bother. The rest is a mixed bag of homework, exams, and uniforms.

For the rare ones, this is not the picture, but merely details on a bright and sunny landscape.

They are good-looking, popular, clever people, excelling at games as well as at everything else. They are petted by teachers and raved over by more friends than they can cope with.

If you're not one of them, moderate your envy. For them, schooldays may turn out to have been the happiest days of their lives. And how dreadful to have that time behind them instead of ahead.

What they may face are hard lessons to which they'll come without any protection of experience: Lessons in being unpopular; in finding themselves little fish in the big pond of the world after so long as big fish in the little pond of school; in learning how to lose after years of easy winning.

THIS should set the fans a-running! Doris Day and Johnnie Ray on one record (DO3567), and whaddya know?—Johnnie skips all his tricks and sounds really human. He even shows signs of having a sense of humor in "Pa Says, Ma Says," which is one of those jolly patter songs with nutty words. The flip side, "A Full Time Job," is even better. This new team is really something. More of them, please!

THE exuberant Danny Kaye is back with four numbers from his new film, "Hans Christian Andersen." They're written by ace songsmith Frank Loesser, the titles being "Thumbalina" and "Wonder-

But you've left school, you say. You're a teenager with a job. Perhaps you're a student; maybe you're just "at home."

If you think being young is simply wonderful, don't bother thinking whether you're happy. You are. But if you find being young is a form of torture, take heart that you have—and have had—a great many fellow sufferers, and that the torture doesn't last.

Not that any amount of telling you helps much when you're unhappy. Especially



"Just think, somewhere, right now, somebody is getting married."

since unhappiness seems to last so long. Even to-morrow seems to take a year to come.

This is the most vulnerable time of your life. Everything seems so important. A spot on your face is a disaster. A stray remark that sounds like a crack directed at you can reduce you to tears.

Every other girl or boy in the world seems to have friends, to be successful at parties, to look attractive, to be able to say and do the right thing, and to have the aplomb of a born sophisticate.

But not you.

Perhaps you're plain, or overweight, or poor, or have a wretched home life. Perhaps all these miserable things at once.

DISC DIGEST

ful Copenhagen" (DO70021), and "Anywhere I Wander" and "No Two People" (DO70020). Danny doesn't clown about in his usual style, except in the last tune, in which he's partnered by Jane Wyman. It's sure to be very popular. The disc will be on sale to coincide with the release of the film.

HERE'S something special—a record actually made in a London pub with a live audience of non-teetotalers. It's "I Wanna Say Hello," and the gent at the ragtime piano rejoices in the name of Sir

• *Schooldays aren't necessarily fun*

• *Being young can be painful.*

You're the one who can't get off on the right foot, the one who sits at home night after night, unappreciated, unwanted, wasting your youth, because, in the words of the song, nobody's using it now.

What makes your condition so bitter is that you and you alone know that somewhere in your make-up is a rich vein of fun and charm and a whole stockpile of love you're dying to give away.

Be patient. I know that's a stupid thing to say to anyone young. But I'll say it again in the hope that you might be encouraged to give up fretting if only for a moment.

Have a look at some other people. Pictures of a most popular radio star taken when he was your age show a long, thin, pale drink of water, all legs, wrists, and freckles.

That was then. Now that gangle of a boy is a broad-shouldered fellow, assured, charming, not good-looking, but certainly eye-catching. As for girlfriends—ask his wife how tough the competition is.

Well, what's your guess about youth being the happiest time of his life?

You could go on through all ages about finding one's happiest times, even to the rare few who have an Indian summer when they're grandparents.

But how bleak it is at 17 to think of happiness even being possible after 27.

There are only two pieces of good advice anyone can offer. One is to be patient. The other is to try to be a Pollyanna.

There's a drop of comfort in reasoning that if you haven't had your happiest time, then a wonderful sometime lies ahead of you somewhere.

But if you are happy, recognize it, find out why you are, and hold on to it.

Above all, count—oh, count your blessings.

Hubert Pimm. I assume he takes the peppy vocal, too, in which case I don't know which I like best—his uninhibited chanting or his ten hot digits. Reverse to Y6449 is pianist Bill Snyder playing "Chicago Blues," which is quite fascinating. He's supported by an unnamed orchestra.

HATS off to Guy Mitchell for his fine work in "Jenny Kissed Me" (DO3566). This is a charming old song as romantic as a valentine. On the coupling, "I Can't Help It," Guy continues in the same serene mood. I like this disc better than anything else he's yet done.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



"Use bath-size Lux Toilet Soap"
SAYS SEWITCHING
MAUREEN O'HARA

"Its rich, creamy lather swiftly carries away any dust and dirt—leaves skin softer, smoother—really lovelier." Maureen stars in Universal-International's technicolor Western, "The Redhead from Wyoming," and she adds: "I never neglect my daily facials with Lux Toilet Soap. This gentle beautifying care will make you lovelier tonight!"



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Coronation travellers
will see . . .

THIS STORY-BOOK ENGLAND

● Even before reaching England travellers feel they know it well, thanks to story-books of all kinds from nursery tales to novels. These pictures, taken by Peter Dabbs, show some of the sites and landmarks favored by tourists and known by hearsay even to the stay-at-homes.



ALLEY (left) in the city of Oxford. Some visitors are surprised that Oxford is a thriving town apart from the famous university.



SNOW blankets a house (above) at Maidstone, the county town of Kent, on the Medway River, 30 miles south of London.



ST. IVES, Cornwall, near Plymouth. Formerly a fishing village, St. Ives is now a favorite winter and tourist resort.



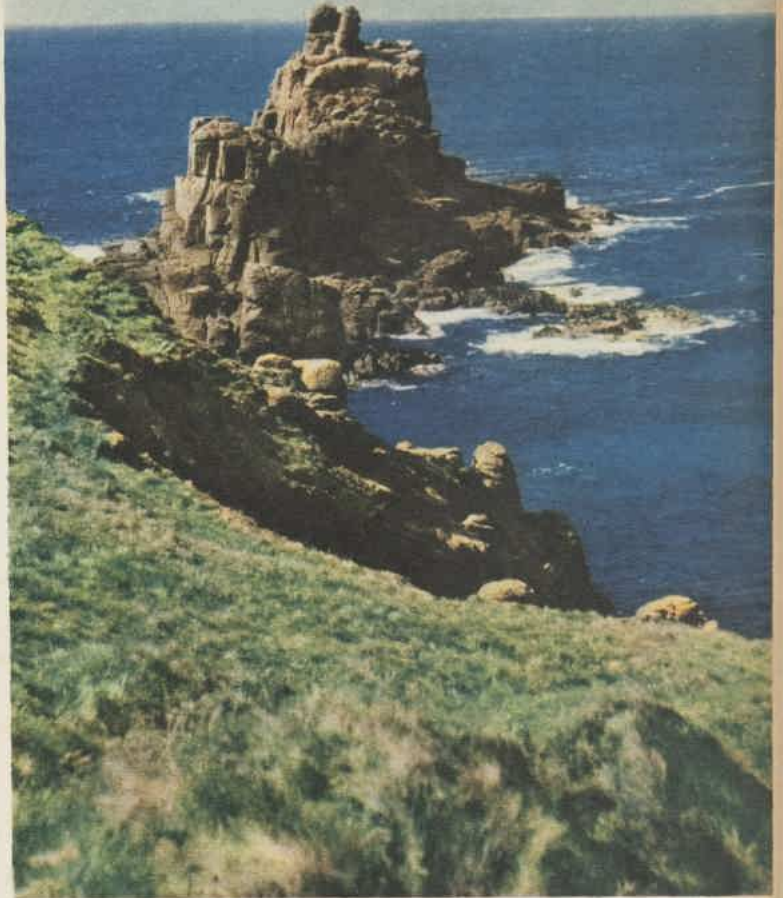
BEAUTY OF TURNED LEAVES mantling a Kentish house is typical of the county in autumn. Because of its rich soil and picturesque scenery, Kent is called "the garden of England." In the spring the blossoming orchards are a regular tourist attraction.



WARWICK CASTLE, pride of the ancient town of Warwick, is open to public inspection. It is built on a bank of the River Avon in a setting of natural beauty and houses many art treasures. Its collection of armor is one of the finest in the world.



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE at Shottery, a mile from Stratford, Warwickshire. This is the house where Anne, Mrs. William Shakespeare, was born nearly four centuries ago. It was bought for the nation in 1892, and has been perfectly preserved.



LAND'S END, Cornwall, the westernmost point of England. The Cornish peninsula is scenically famous for its rugged coast, which is also treasure trove for archaeologists. Historically, Cornwall is associated with the great sailors of the first Elizabeth's reign.



TYPICAL STREET SCENE in Soho, London. Soho has been for a century the "foreign quarter" of the city. It is cherished by Londoners and visitors for its cafes and restaurants—predominantly French, Italian, and Greek—situated conveniently near the main theatres.

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ever used before.



CUTEX

*The manicure that stays
lovelier ... longer*

MOTHER



"This is Audrey, Mum. He never runs
messages, never eats vegetables, and
goes to bed when he likes."

BUTCH



"If you're in such a hurry to get home,
why'n't ya give me a hand wit' th' sky."

It seems to me

BUILDING is so ex-
pensive to-day that
it's no wonder architects
battle continually with
local authorities about
regulations concerning the
height of ceilings and the
separate laundry.

The lowering of ceilings
and the combination of laun-
dry with kitchen are both sen-
sible money-savers, but I could
never be convinced that they
were of themselves desirable.

The reason many councils
object to the laundry-kitchen
is on the score of hygiene.
I doubt the validity of that
when automatic washing machines are used,
but I like the old idea of separate rooms for
separate activities. If money were no object
I'd have, besides, kitchen and laundry, a sew-
ing-room and a junk-room.

Modern houses can't afford the waste space
of junk-rooms. As in flats, the junk has to
be thrown out. Six months later you wish
you had it.

IT is probably the approach of winter
which has set my mind running on
houses this week.

Spring may suit birds for nest-building, but
it is the cold weather which makes human
beings tend to think more highly of roofs
and hearths.

Just as clothes fashions change, so do fashions
in houses. Not as often, but often enough to
make to-day's home-builder wonder what his
dovecote will look like to the eyes of 20 years
hence.

Some of these glass-walled homes furnished
with functional pieces (all mad with legs that
stick out at acute angles) will date just as
surely as have leadlight windows and marble
mantelpieces.

If you don't believe me, take warning from a
new American furnishing fashion—refrigerators
covered with fabric or wallpaper. While
I am not devoted to the functional—or op-
erating-theatre—style of furnishing, a chintz-
covered refrigerator goes a little far for my
taste.

It's a signpost, though. The pendulum will
swing right back to antimacassars in time.

SOME Norwegian passenger ships are
introducing a cafeteria system in order
to cut running expenses and reduce fares.

Travellers will pay a fare covering transport
and accommodation, but will buy their meals
at self-service counters.

This is good news for bad sailors, who may
find some compensating gleam in the misery
of sea-sickness, knowing that they are saving
money. It seems like bad news for good sailors,
who on old-style dining-saloon ships have the
satisfaction of getting the best value for their
fare.

Nevertheless a good sailor with a mind as
strong as his or her stomach can see the possi-
bilities. You could go aboard with a spirit
stove, 47 tins of pork and beans, and some
biscuits.

True, this plan may require a single cabin,
cabin-mates being chancy, but the extra cost
would be offset by the economy in eating.

By



Dorothy Drain

IN Melbourne this month
an appeal has been
launched for funds to erect
a memorial which should
touch the imagination of
Australians.

It will honor the Coast
Watchers, that band of brave
men who, scattered through
Japanese-held territory in New
Guinea and the Solomon
Islands, made a great though
little-known contribution to
victory during World War II.

They were mostly civilians
who stayed behind when the
Japs overran the islands and
were organised by the Navy.
Hidden in the jungle, they
radioed information that was invaluable to the
Allies and saved many lives.

In his book "The Coast Watchers," pub-
lished in 1946, Commander Eric Feldt told
their story. He quoted a memorable tribute
from Admiral Halsey to two of them, W. J.
Read and Paul Mason, whose work was typical
of that done by men who worked, alone or in
small parties, in Japanese-held territory.

Read, before the war, was an assistant dis-
trict officer. Mason was a planter.

Halsey said that the intelligence signalled
from Bougainville by Read and Mason had
saved Guadalcanal and Guadalcanal had saved
the South Pacific.

IF the ordinary citizen were to try to
think of an occupation as far removed
from the entertainment field as possible,
he would possibly think of banking.

Apparently this is an old-fashioned British
idea, for in New York the Franklin Savings
Bank, to mark the fact that the circus was in
town for Easter, decorated its lobby with draw-
ings of giraffes, monkeys, and elephants.

Personally, I like the solemnity and lack
of distraction about the banks I am accustomed
to. The atmosphere makes one properly
aware of the seriousness of removing money
from their care.

If bent on murals, banks would be better
advised to decorate their walls with illustra-
tions of the Aesop fable of the extravagant
grasshopper and the careful ant.

COCKO, a 45-year-old cockatoo which
belongs to the overseer of the Royal
Agricultural Society in Sydney, eats grilled
chops, talks a lot, and likes to sleep in a
brown paper bag.

Old is the cockatoo, old but gay,
And he likes a jolly good mag,
And when he is tired at the end of the day,
And has nothing whatever left to say,
He goes to sleep in a bag.

In sand the ostrich buries his head
(Some claim that it's just a gag),
But the cockatoo, when his piece he's said,
Or if to the teeth he's properly fed,
Finds peace in a paper bag.

Do you look for pills or a soothing brew?
When your nerves are worn to a shred?
Do you sigh for the wilds and for Timbuktou,
For an ivory tower or for Katmandu?
Oh, relax, and bag your head!

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Art
SHEETS
AND
PILLOWCASES



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A BED!

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sheets are available in all
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scalloped, or plain if you
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The Baiao: London's new dance craze

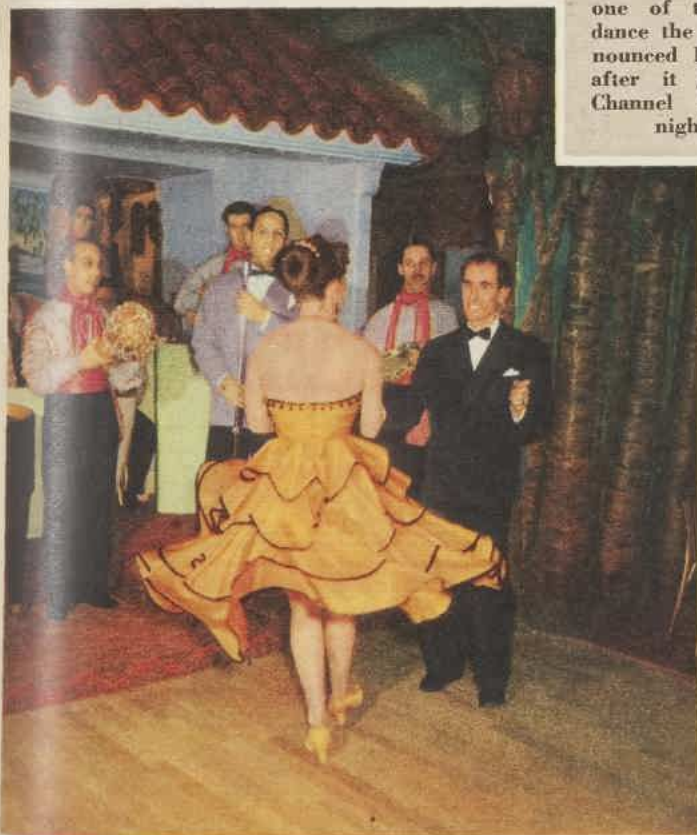


BASIC STEP of the Baiao, the new dance craze to invade London's smart night-clubs, is described as a samba with a swing.

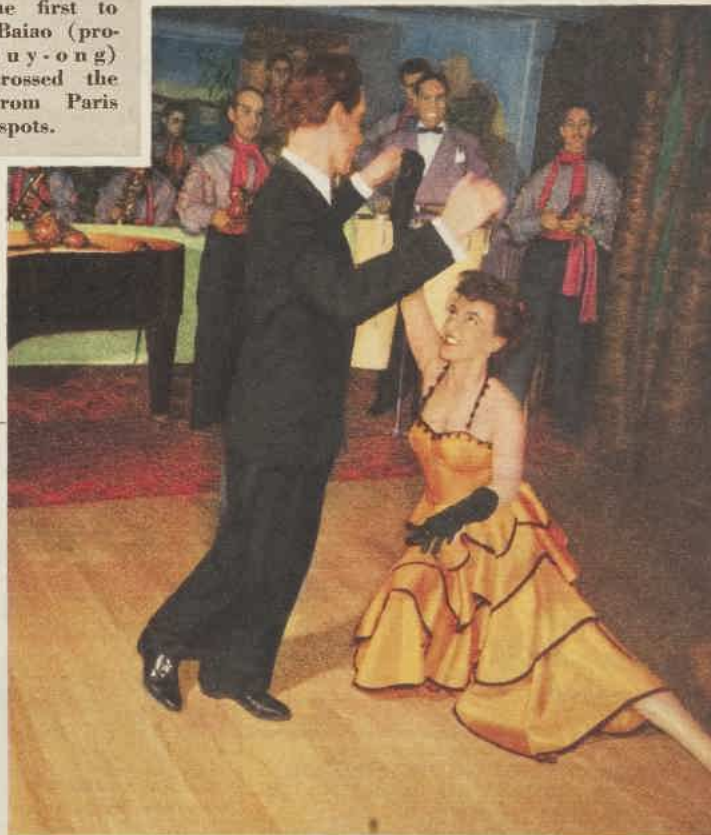


SPECTACULAR whirling turn developed from the basic Baiao is demonstrated by Norma Noble and her partner, Jack Orion-Smith.

The Baiao, London's newest dance craze, has come via Paris and the Continent from Brazil and will probably be danced in Australia soon. Princess Margaret, a lively and enthusiastic dancer, was one of the first to dance the Baiao (pronounced B u y - o n g) after it crossed the Channel from Paris nightspots.



JIVE AND LATIN RHYTHM MEET. The wilder, more imaginative movements of the Baiao come near to jive. Norma Noble executes a flamboyant whirling step.



GRACEFUL VARIATION, strictly for the initiated, is this revolving curtsy-like movement, not to be attempted on a night-club floor. Pictures by Alec Murray.

HOW CAN YOU AFFORD ALL THESE NYLONS DAISY?

SAVE IT...BY ALWAYS BUYING MAZDA'S, THEY STAY BRIGHTER LONGER.

"CUT DOWN EXPENSES WITH MAZDA LAMPS 'THEY STAY BRIGHTER LONGER!'"

MAZDA GENERAL ELECTRIC

REPRESENTATIVE IN AUSTRALIA FOR THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON COMPANY LTD. ENGLAND

HEROES FROM KOREA



THRILLED TO HAVE HIM BACK. Mrs. Brown, of Mortdale, N.S.W., throws her arms round her son Bob in a welcoming hug after the Korea men's march through Sydney streets which 100,000 people cheered.

You can rely on NUGGET

Because...

- IT OUTSHINES ALL OTHERS
- NUGGET BLACK IS BLACKER
- IT SHINES SO QUICKLY—SAVES TIME
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Page 20



"I THINK I REMEMBER YOU." Raymond, the three-and-a-half-year-old son of L/Cpl. Ray Hobman, of Mortdale, N.S.W., thought it was wonderful to have his Daddy back home.



"I'M A BIT SHY, DAD." Two-year-old John Townsend, of Camperdown, N.S.W., was a little doubtful of leaving Mummy's arms, but he and his father, Cpl. John Townsend, soon became good friends when they met in Prince Alfred Park.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 22, 1953

HAPPY JOURNEY'S END

• Brisbane and Sydney turned on rousing welcomes for men of the 1st Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment, when they marched through the cities after service in Korea. Later came the reunions. At right, Pte. Pat Wayne, of Edgecliff, N.S.W., greets his wife, while Colleen (3), Paul (5), and Patricia (1) await their turn.



AFTER 14 months in Korea, Pte. Kevin Smith, of 1st Battalion, was greeted with a hearty handshake by his happy father, Mr. R. R. Smith, of Auburn, N.S.W. Said Mr. Smith: "I could give a million to see him back safe."



SLOUCH HAT and intent expression were worn by six-year-old Allan Lowe, of Mosman, N.S.W., when he met his uncle, Cpl. Doug Schmidt, who had just disembarked from the ship New Australia.



Napro HAIR VITALIZER
will give you new
radiant loveliness!

See the difference mere minutes can make. See untractable hair become thrillingly soft and shining. Marvel at the way Napro's exclusive oils correct dryness and splitting ends... remove dry dandruff. Use Napro Hair Vitalizer and learn how really lovely your hair can be.



Gown by Boetia

Napro
HAIR
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AT ALL STORES, CHEMISTS & BEAUTY SALONS



THREE
GREAT PERFUMES

by
Saville

MISCHIEF
Light, gay, intriguing

JUNE
"The soul of a thousand flowers"

SEVENTH HEAVEN
Romantic sophistication
for 'full-dress' occasions

From your chemist
or perfume counter



It's here--

New WEAR-FIGHTING Mobiloil

Fights not one but every cause of engine wear

NEW BASE OIL—richer in lubricating qualities and new in blend—with greater oiliness to fight friction—by far the greatest cause of engine wear.

LATEST ANTI-CORROSION (anti-acid) additives which stop wear from acid action . . . and corrosion of metal surfaces when the engine is not being used.

IMPROVED OXIDATION INHIBITOR which fights destructive chemical reactions and prevents formation of gummy sludge, so maintaining the wear-fighting qualities of the oil.

SUPERIOR ANTI-FOAMANT ADDITIVE providing further sure protection against the ravages of wear from friction. It prevents foaming so that the full lubricating qualities of the oil are preserved.

300% INCREASED SUPER-DETERGENT ADDITIVES to wash carbon dust and other foreign matter from metal surfaces and hold this matter harmlessly in suspension, thus giving you an extremely clean engine.

FRICTION 51%

CORROSION 10%
(Acid-action)

ABRASION 39%

The true causes of engine wear, proved at the world's greatest research laboratories.

NEVER BEFORE HAS ONE OIL CONTAINED ALL THESE QUALITIES

New Wear-Fighting Mobiloil

Fights Friction . . . Fights Abrasion . . . Fights Corrosion

It's got the lot!



VACUUM OIL COMPANY PTY. LTD. (Inc. in Aust.)

Girl hiked alone through Africa, India

Visit to Yogi was highlight of trip

The bearded Yogi priest, wearing iron gauze, sat cross-legged on a leopardskin staring at his visitor, Miss Laurie Brown, of Balgowlah, N.S.W. cross-legged on a small mat opposite, Laurie Brown stared back.

TO word was said for a quarter of an hour—Miss Brown's eyes fixed with concentration on the smoke from a wood-burning in the semi-enclosed room.

But the Yogi's lips moved. "Academic," he pronounced.

"Apparently he thought I was an academic or intelligent person," related Miss Brown, a 24-year-old girl who returned home after a year's hitch-hiking alone through Africa and India, where she met the Yogi in his temple on top of Mount Abu.

Laurie Brown told the Yogi she was a B.A. of Sydney University, a welfare worker, and a student of psychology, and he seemed to discuss with him the philosophy "at great length."

During the conversation the bearded Yogi drank coffee from a great wooden bowl, while a servant appeared with a little pot of coffee, teacup and saucer, sliced apple and banana, on a tray covered with a spotless cloth.

Out of courtesy Laurie offered at the coffee and nibbled a piece of fruit, not waiting to hear the priest's replies but inwardly remembering stories of people being lured through their food.

Food was good

BUT her fears were groundless, for both food and drink were good, making the trip memorable.

Laurie Brown is quite a remarkable person herself.

It is easier to visualise her in the setting of a university playground than on the track in Africa, wearing a topee on her head, a weighty pack on her back, and wielding a bushy fly-switch.

Laurie, moreover, is not the husky type one would expect. Not much over five feet, she is slight, has dark brown hair which curls in a wind-blown manner, wide-open eyes, and white teeth.

Often during her journey through Capetown, up through the Congo, Laurie had nothing to eat but biltong (strips of dried meat) and hunks of cheese. There were times when she was nearly desperate with thirst and would not risk drinking the available water, although she carried chlorine tablets.

She started on her unconventional journey quite by accident. Landing at Capetown on her way home from England, she hoped to connect

with another ship for Australia. When she found this was not possible she decided that she would get home "under her own steam."

She was short of funds but not of initiative. Hitch-hiking experiences in Europe (always undertaken, however, with another Australian girl) and possession of a rucksack encouraged her.

"The idea was fantastic," said Laurie in Sydney, "but I thought I would give it a go."

Her usual habit was to approach a Commercial Travellers' Association or trucking firm, finding out whether there would be a vehicle moving on to the next town. Usually she was successful and stayed the night at a mission, a Y.W.C.A., or with a hospitable white family.

By this method she made her way to Durban, Johannesburg, Bulawayo, past the great Victoria Falls and into the Belgian Congo.

"A thrilling experience for me was the approach to Victoria Falls. The Africans used to call it the Thunder Cloud—the mighty god which had thick, mysterious clouds of white spray reaching to the sky," she said.

Inspired by the description of the Falls given by the explorer David Livingstone, she arrived at sunset to drink in the grandeur of the scenery and the mellowness of the light on the Falls' fiery whiteness.

"For two days I stayed near the Falls, exploring the gorges and the comparative serenity of the river behind them," she said.

"In the Belgian Congo, among tropical jungle, it was surprising suddenly to come to towns resembling in some ways a miniature Paris."

"Elizabethville, one of the bigger cities in the southern end of the Congo, is quite Continental, with cafes along the boulevard, expensive little shops, lavish hotels, and small French bars."

Spoke only French

"FRENCH was the language spoken, and it was only in the bigger cities that I met anyone who understood English."

"In one of the towns in the Belgian Congo, while waiting for a truck to come through, I stayed at an English-speaking mission," she said. "The work had piled up to overwhelming heights, so I set to and tackled a room full of ironing, an enormous family wash, and a big house that needed cleaning from one end to the other. I was exhausted at the end of it all and the heat was overpowering."

"While in Johannesburg I



RUCKSACK AND FLY SWITCH were the only luggage Miss Laurie Brown, of Balgowlah, N.S.W., carried on her hiking trip through Africa and India. This photograph was taken while she was in South Africa.

had the joys of cooking for a large family of strangers when their 'boys' didn't turn up, and had the complication of two elderly people on health diets to cope with and the fact that they were all strict Jews with many food customs that I had to learn."

In the Congo she spent 26 hours in a truck which bounced over rough jungle roads. Laurie, sitting beside the driver, was the only woman among the negroes on the truck. She had nothing to fear from them, and thirst was her greatest worry.

"Early in the trip my water stocks were used up," she explained. "The water-bottle that I carried with me was empty."

"The cabin of the truck was like an inferno. No metal could be touched, all the fittings were red hot. My back was rubbed raw from the continual bumping up and down. 'Sometimes when we stopped in a native village someone would quietly appear with a calabash of unknown contents.'"

Not daring to touch this, Laurie Brown stuck out the trip until at the end she staggered into the English-speaking mission, hot, dizzy, and crazy for a drink of water.

The missionaries were Australians, received her kindly, and found that they had mutual friends back home.

After seeing part of the Congo River aboard a paddle-steamer, Laurie caught a ship from Mombasa to Bombay. In Pakistan and India she travelled by train at night (so as to save paying for hotel accommodation), and covered most of the country, even reaching lovely Kashmir.

There was still a long way to go, but adventurous Laurie made it—travelling down to

Ceylon, by ship to Singapore, and so back to Sydney.

At her Balgowlah home she unpacked her rucksack for the last time—emptying out the two washing frocks, the winter skirt and wind-jacket that had seen so much service.

She also took with her a green floral evening frock and a little net stole and matching mesh gloves, so that she would be able to attend formal parties. The frock was a most useful item of her luggage.

"I have worn it to Dunvegan Castle, in Scotland, to an Afrikaans social gathering, to an Indian ceremonial occasion, and, of course, it has been invaluable on board the various liners on which I travelled," she said.

Shoes worn out

RATHER sadly she regarded her two pairs of shoes—a golf pair worn beyond mending and leather sandals patched for a dance at Singapore with sticking-plaster.

Her comments for those who might want to "give it a go" too:

"Don't consider it unless you have sound health, are prepared for hardship, and, if a girl, you are more than capable of looking after yourself."

"Sometimes I feared for my safety and my small savings when I was alone in an unknown land. But I accepted the challenge to overcome the loneliness, to get to know and understand the people, and to make one's defensive weapon wit, commonsense, and continual alertness."

Her mother's comment on her African trip, according to Laurie, was stupefied silence. "I didn't tell her I was hitch-hiking," Laurie said. "She can't believe it even now."

PAIN goes quicker when I take **DISPRIN**



"Disprin" acts faster on pain because it enters the stomach as a true solution which is rapidly absorbed by the blood stream. This is why Disprin acts faster than ordinary aspirin and a.p.c. which merely enter the stomach as undissolved particles. Because Disprin is soluble it is not liable to cause stomach discomfort.

Disprin is obtainable from all chemists, in packages of 100, 25 and the handy 8 tablet handbag or pocket pack.

TRY THIS EXPERIMENT

Drop a Disprin tablet and ordinary aspirin or ordinary a.p.c. into separate glasses of water. See how Disprin really dissolves; see by contrast how the others merely break up. They behave differently in water: they behave differently in your stomach.



DISPRIN (REGD.)
THE New Soluble ASPIRIN

"Doesn't she know about ODO-RO-NO?"



Perspiration leaves a tell-tale odour that you may not notice, but others certainly will.

The only safe way to avoid offending is to use ODO-RO-NO daily. It stays soft and creamy—never turns gritty and is delicately scented. ODO-RO-NO Cream Deodorant safely stops perspiration and odour for a full 24 hours. No other deodorant is gentler to skin and fabrics.

* Also available Liquid ODO-RO-NO with the popular applicator. In two strengths, regular and instant.



Use **ODO-RO-NO** cream daily and be sure of yourself!

Be sure your

Chlorophyll

toothpaste
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TOOTH PASTE
WITH CHLOROPHYLL



The **NEW IPANA**
with Chlorophyll is green
—but not every green toothpaste
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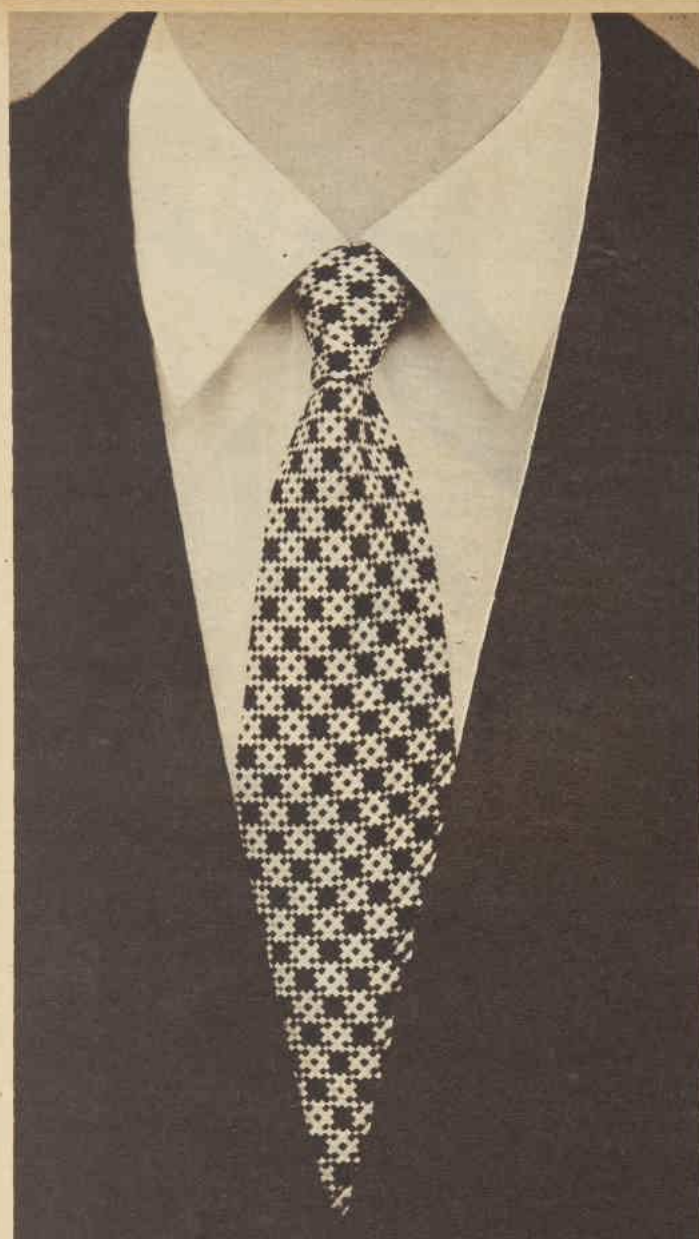
REGULAR IPANA in the familiar red and yellow striped pack and IPANA with FULL STRENGTH CHLOROPHYLL in the new green striped pack.



When you clean your teeth regularly with New Green Ipana you are not only sure of clean, white, sparkling teeth and healthy gums but of sweet, wholesome breath. You are sure of breath safety as well as dental safety. New Ipana with full strength Chlorophyll positively stops mouth odours.

SOLD ONLY BY YOUR CHEMIST

THE NEW GREEN IPANA IS IPANA BLENDED WITH FULL STRENGTH CHLOROPHYLL—THE AMAZING "NATURAL" DEODORANT.



"The groom wore a sports shirt—

Country Club REGD.
TAILORED BY BUCKWALTER

of course!"

with the new
SPAN collar

A **TOOTAL** RD.
guaranteed shirting
NYLON REINFORCED



ONLY COUNTRY CLUB SHIRTS HAVE THE **NEATLINE SPAN** COLLAR

Royal bride in tears



CONCERN FOR HIS BRIDE is evident as Prince Jean, of Luxembourg, turns towards Princess Josephine Charlotte of Belgium after their marriage at Notre Dame Cathedral in Luxembourg city. Ex-King Leopold, father of the bride, is at the right, and her half-brother, Prince Alexander, is holding her train.

Fairy-tale wedding is marred by quarrels

From
MARCIA PICKARD,
in Luxembourg

Hailed throughout the world as a fairy-tale wedding, the marriage of Princess Josephine Charlotte of Belgium to Prince Jean of Luxembourg proved such a day of tension for the bride that a bad spell might well have been cast over the occasion.

THE day ended with the bride in tears and the announcement that the honeymoon had been postponed because she was not well enough to travel.

After only just holding back tears in the cathedral she found the warmth of the crowd's welcome as she appeared with the Royal Family on a balcony too much for her control, and she cried openly.

Those tears endeared Princess Josephine to her husband's people even more than smiles would have done.

She is devoted to her stepmother, Princess de Rethy, whose marriage to ex-King Leopold of the Belgians helped to force him off the throne, and she requested that her stepmother be invited to the wedding.

Precedence dictated that the Princess de Rethy should be placed No. 7, escorted by Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. Bernhard was immediately announced to be ill.

Fears that Bernhard might boycott the wedding caused the order of precedence to be revised, and Princess de Rethy was escorted to the cathedral by Prince Carl Bernadotte of Sweden.

Leopold's brother Prince Charles did not come to the wedding, neither did the Grand Duchess's sister, Princess Sophie.

Sophie gave ill-health as the

reason for her absence, but a few days before the wedding she went to Luxembourg to choose linoleum for her bathroom.

The bride's grandmother, sprightly, grey-haired Queen Elizabeth, widow of King Albert, had refused to travel in the royal train and went by car.

Queen Juliana of the Netherlands headed the line of royalties and ex-royalties entering the cathedral for the ceremony. With her was the bride's brother, King Baudouin.

The bridegroom's father, Prince Felix, escorted Queen Elizabeth. They were followed by the ruling Grand Duchess Charlotte with the bridegroom, and ex-King Leopold with the bride.

Her dress was a confection of snowy organza, faille, and tulle, with a three-yards-long train of brussels lace which billowed behind her, giving great trouble to her only attendant, her young half-brother, Prince Alexander.

Eight hundred and fifty diamonds from the Belgian Congo sparkled in her platinum diadem and earrings.

Yet the bride, pensive and wistful, looked simply dressed among the fantastic uniforms of the guests, and of Luxembourg officials in a country where gendarmes, police, and stationmasters wear gold-laced musical comedy outfits.

The Nuptial Mass was celebrated before a crimson draped altar banked with carnations flown from France, surrounded by hydrangeas coated into bloom in Luxembourg hot-houses.

The precedence storm was still raging when the wedding procession reassembled to follow the bride and groom.

Princess de Rethy moved forward to take her place beside the bridegroom's father, Prince Felix, but Queen Elizabeth claimed this right.

However, when the royal party passed in open landau—in pouring rain—through the city, Princess de Rethy had taken Queen Elizabeth's place next to Prince Felix.

There were so many monarchs, ex-monarchs, and pretenders present that the cheering people really did not know to whom they were wishing long life as they shouted "Vive! Vive!"

The bride and bridegroom will live in Betzdorf Castle, which looks like an ordinary country house of about 15 rooms.

It was bought by the Government as a home for delinquent girls, but has been remodelled for the heir to the Duchy and his bride.

Flying from Paris, I sat next to the Austrian Pretender, Archduke Otto of Hapsburg, only realising who he was when a battery of cameras flashed at us both at Luxembourg airfield. He spoke super-polite French and made noise in English of flight times.

He wore a Hapsburg ring, magnificent with a sapphire and two diamonds.



WELL-KNOWN polo player Dougai Bray and his wife, Mrs. Bob Ashton (right), with Mrs. Bob Ashton at the polo at Warwick Farm. Dougai is a member of the team invited to compete against the Honolulu Polo Club.



POLO PLAYER from New Zealand Jock Mackenzie has a refreshing drink after the final game in the Austral Cup. Mrs. Mackenzie (right) and Mrs. Tom Bray talk over play.

Social Gittings IN PICTURES



COUNTRY MATRONS' BALL. Mr. and Mrs. John Hall were among guests at the ball given by 15 country hostesses at the Australia Hotel.



SPECTATORS at the Yearling Sales were Diana Tuckey, of Mosman (left), Toni Wilson, of Baruba, and Barbara Bruce, of Glenbrook.



SIGNING THE REGISTER. Ken Chapman and his pretty bride, formerly Marilyn McCathie, with the rector of St. Michael's, Vaucluse, Canon H. N. Powys.



HAPPY COUPLE. John Blekmore and his bride, formerly Shirley Litchfield, of "Kelroe," Merriwa, were piped from St. Stephen's by Scots College piper Allan Edgar.



PICNIC LUNCH. Grahame Barry (left), Judy Lorimer, Judy and Anne Stacey, and John Heron arrived early at Penrith, and ate a picnic lunch before the boat races started at the C.P.S. Regatta.



TOWN AND COUNTRY BALL guests at Glen Ascham included Mr. and Mrs. A. O. MacPhillamy, of "Charlton," Rockley.



COUNTRY INTEREST. John Hyles and his bride, formerly Pam Alexander, leave St. Stephen's. Pam is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Alexander, of "Murki," Moree.

Fay Hordern's



AUTUMN hat silhouettes call for a new hair shape because they just cover or only partly cover the hair, rarely extending beyond the hairline.

In place of the boyish hair-cut is a halo-like coiffure which frames the face softly and leaves the back hairline neat and chic.

As hair and hat lines are complementary this autumn, our fashion artist, Dorothea Johnston, has sketched the coiffures as well as the hats.



● Jacques Fath's neat jersey turban, top, does not allow one stray lock of hair out of place. This snug, swathed, hair-concealing line is the silhouette of the season.

● For glamorous occasions, the cap of white satin, above, is embroidered with brilliants and sequins and is accompanied by a large white ermine muff.

● Legroux's swathed turban, left, blends beige jersey with matching scrolls of felt. The model is another millinery success of this season.

Paris Notes.

● In Paris leopard accessories are chic and important. Paquin, right, trims a black wool top-coat with leopard cuffs and collar and matches them with a small, forward-worn toque.



● A jewelled velvet toque in rich shades is high fashion for the cocktail hour. Right, a model in amethyst velvet, thickly embroidered in gems.



● Draped turban bonnet, right, is made in jersey with an all-over trim of metallic studs and silver thread embroidery. A self-colored fringe finishes the sash ends at the back.



Dorothea Johnston



How you hate to see it—your skin losing its fresh look!



You can do something to change your skin.

A fascinating, immediate change

Do women have to put up with these? . . .

A skin that looks coarse?

Its color muddled?

A skin that looks harsh and rough?

Every so often you see a woman with a skin so absolutely beautiful you just can't resist staring at her.

YOU can do something about *your* skin.

Skin deprived of its natural beautifying oils is *bound* to get coarser, with a dismaying drab, harsh look. And if, unknowingly, you are cleansing your skin too harshly—yet not *deeply* enough—your skin loses its softness and freshness even more.

You don't *need* to let this happen to your face—not one of you reading this page.

It is a most exciting fact that you and every woman can, easily and simply, bring a beauty to your skin it does not have right now.

Free your skin . . . replace what it is being robbed of

Fatigue, anxiety, tensions, wind, dry air—all continuously rob your skin of its precious natural oil and moisture. Resistant dirt—from soot, dust and old make-up—sticks in tiny pore-openings.

To sweep pore-openings clean of embedded dirt . . . to replace needed oil and moisture—there is an exclusive formulation of *skin-helping* ingredients in Pond's Cold Cream.

Together—these ingredients work on your skin *as a team*—in interaction.

As you swirl Pond's Cold Cream on generously (be sure to use gentle, firming strokes) you get the good effect of this inter-action on *both* sides of your skin.

On the *outside*, embedded dirt is loosened and lifted from pore-openings. And *at the same time*, your skin is given special oil and moisture that leave it softened and smoothed.

On the *inside*, the circulation is stimulated, bringing up color in your skin, helping the skin to repair itself and refine itself.



You can feel your skin responding.



You owe it to yourself to bring out your beauty.

can come over your face...

Feel the dry surface of your skin take on wonderful smoothness

As your skin takes up the re-freshening oil and moisture in Pond's Cold Cream — oil which just *suits* your skin — oil which is not too heavy and not too thin — you can *feel* the tired little tensions ease away. You can *feel* your skin getting back its flexibility. You can *see* a clearer color coming into it.

To replace the continual thieving of your skin's freshness — *each night* give your skin this special oil-and-moisture treatment — to cleanse it *rightly, deeply* — to replenish it:

Soft-cleansse — swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat — generously. Swirl up from throat to forehead. Tissue off well.

Soft-rinse quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly. *Look at your face.*

This *double* Pond's Cold Creaming *replaces* smoothing oil and moisture as it *cleans* your skin *immaculately*. At the same time, it *quickens* circulation, *liven*s your skin.

(Note: Thousands of women find that in the morning another quick Pond's Creaming starts their day with a delightful new freshness.)

Look your loveliest and you send out a happy-hearted confidence to all who see you

You will see the wonder of this skin-helping cream — *immediately* — after your very first Pond's Creaming.

Use Pond's Cold Cream *every night* (remember, the *constant* robbing of your skin goes on *every day*). As you use Pond's, you will delight in your lovelier skin — and you will gain an attractive new self-confidence.

So many women are discovering the amazing effect of the inter-action of Pond's Cold Cream on their skin, that more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Go *today* to your favorite cosmetics counter and get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Start using it this very night. Also available in handy tubes.

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor — People always notice the exquisite look of her skin. Mrs. Astor says: "I've used Pond's Cold Cream since my early teens. It is my most helpful and most necessary cream."

DRESS SENSE

The questions and answers below are on winter fashion problems chosen from letters received this week from readers seeking advice.

"WOULD you suggest the most practical type of day dress to include in a small wardrobe?"

A coat dress is almost a daytime wardrobe in itself. Over a dress it can be a coat, and under a coat it's a dress. Have the dress made in a very fine wool tweed designed with a dolman-sleeved bodice top and slim skirt finished with a side pocket.

"IS a full skirt still worn for the daytime this season?"

The very full skirt that overwhelmed spring fashions has made a complete change about in the autumn-winter silhouette. A straight, slender skirt line is currently in fashion, at times animated with a back kick pleat or a deep inverted one centre front, or with various arrangements of narrow flat pleats.

"PLEASE tell me the type of separate jacket which would look smart with sporting clothes."

The first choice is the little "greatcoat" with a chunky silhouette tapering in to the hipline. A rough, hairy material is the chic fabric choice. Details include batwing sleeves and revers close to the throat. An alternative is the knitwear topper made in pattern to simulate tweed. The line here is easy fitting, straight from chin to hipline—the shoulder line soft.

"WHAT sort of separate top should go with the new stove-pipe pants?"

Narrowly tailored pants can be worn with a shirt, a middy-type top, the middy slender or bulky, or a battle-jacket—a jacket chopped off at the waist with a bloused back. From this group I have illustrated a shirt, because it can also be worn with a separate skirt or a suit, marking it as a very versatile and practical garment. Note the design has a high or plunge neckline and back interest.

By **Betty Keep**

"MY winter afternoon frock is to be made with a draped bodice. What material do you think would be best?"

Wool jersey is news again, and, with its drapable qualities, you could not have anything more suitable or attractive for a winter afternoon dress.

"PLEASE suggest a smart new style for a between-seasons coat to wear over silk frocks."

A straight-cut coat is one of the smartest and newest coat silhouettes. It has rounded shoulders, often a cardigan-type neckline, and is full enough to allow ample wrap.

"HAVING bought a rather slim-fitting dress I wondered if you would advise me about the type of corset to wear under it. I have a medium slim figure, but find when I wear the frock I develop bulges."

Your slim-line dress probably has a sculptured midriff, and for this the average figure, even if it is a slim figure, requires an all-in-one foundation. This type of corsetette will firm your figure into smoothness, yet will not drag downwards on the bust, but will give a naturally rounded line.

"AS a married woman in the early forties I would like a suggestion for an outfit to be worn for cards, evenings, theatres, and concerts. Our menfolk usually wear dark suits."

The important and elegant blouse worn with a street-length or ankle-length skirt, according to the formality of the occasion, is good fashion for your age group. Have the blouse made in fine wool jersey with a lowish cowl neckline and three-quarter-length set-in sleeves to be worn pushed up above the elbow. Have the skirt in a contrasting material to the blouse—perhaps velvet or a smooth-faced woollen cloth. Color suggestions are black for skirt and a pinky-violet or white for the blouse.



D.S. 35. Shirt-bodice in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Three Cheers for the Three Lengths
in

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OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Ship 'n Shore
SLACKS

They're tailored to fit you to a T...whether you're TINY...

* 3T's (Tiny, Typical, Tall)—
Trade Mark Reg. Pend.



At all good stores DESIGNED AND TAILORED BY CASBEN PRODUCTIONS LIMITED, SYDNEY

Here's the SPRAIN



Where's the SLOAN'S

The first job of Sloan's Liniment with its comforting tingle, almost instantly relieves the pain of muscular sprains or strains. Keep it always handy, as a guard against pain of bruises, aching, stiff joints, and rheumatic pains. Just rub it on - no rubbing.

**SLOAN'S
LINIMENT 2/9**
AT ALL CHEMISTS BOTTLE



Regular Habits

Ensure that baby has regular habits by using Steedman's famous powders. Even during the difficult teething period, baby can be happy and content. Steedman's safely and gently cool the bloodstream from teething time up to 14 years of age.

Write now to "Steedman, Box 1757, G.P.O., Melbourne" for free booklet "Hints to Mothers".

Give

**STEEDMAN'S
POWDERS**
for Regularity

AT ALL CHEMISTS
Made in England.



Make Baby's Hair
CROW CURLY
4 Weeks Treatment
3/11 EVERYWHERE
Curlypet

**ASTHMA
CURBED 1st DAY**

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of asthma and bronchitis poison your system, rob your energy, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Medone, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly ending the attacks. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Medone from your chemist or drive in-day under positive guarantee to stop your asthma coughing now or give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

Make this scarf-hat

• Henriette Lamotte, Australia's leading creative milliner, has designed this high-fashion scarf-hat, which is also shown on the cover, exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE hat is surprisingly easy to make, takes very little time, and needs only a slight knowledge of sewing.

The materials are 1yd. 54in. wool jersey, or any piece of left-over cloth cut on the cross, as long as the sides measure 37in., see diagram; 4 skeins 4-ply wool; cotton-wool for padding; millinery wire; sewing thread; felt for band; 1yd. white muslin; and 1yd. narrow grosgrain ribbon.

Cut the headband out of felt, following the shape shown in the diagram.

The inside pad for shaping this is made from cotton-wool fin. thick placed on the felt headband between the points marked with a cross.

Slip-stitch millinery wire along the outer edge of the headband, then cut the headband shape twice in muslin and encase the whole headband and padding with it.

Cut jersey on the cross as shown in diagram below. Sew jersey scarf round headband over padding, finishing with



SCARF-HAT can be worn tied under the chin, as illustrated above, or draped shawl-like to hug the shoulder for warmth.

two small pleats to sweep scarf backwards. Loop material under and attach at point B to centre back of headband.

Hem edge of material by hand and trim with fringe and tassels. Details are clearly marked on the diagram. Neaten headband with narrow grosgrain ribbon.

To Make Fringe: Take two strands of wool each measuring 22in. long and clamp both ends with books or heavy articles to keep the wool straight for easy working. This is the

basis for making the strips of fringe.

Next, cut from one single strand of wool 200 15in. lengths. Fold each length twice and knot these four pieces on to the fixed strands of wool as close together as possible. When finished, cut the ends evenly to 1in. in length. This makes a very professional-looking hand-made fringe.

Sew the fringe to the edge of the material as marked on the diagram.

If preferred, use ready-made fringe or tassels.

Materials Required for Tassels: 2 skeins 4-ply fingering wool; 1 medium-size crochet hook.

Tassels: Using about 150 strands of wool 16in. long, fold in half and tie firmly 2in. from fold. Stitch covers on to top of tassels.

Cover for Tassels: Crochet 4 ch., join into a circle. Work 4 tr. into circle. Continue in tr., working twice into every st. every round until increased to 16 sts. Work 6 rounds. Decrease by missing every 4th tr. every round until decreased to 8 sts. Fasten off.

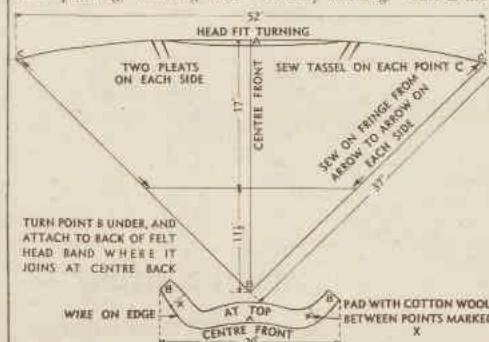
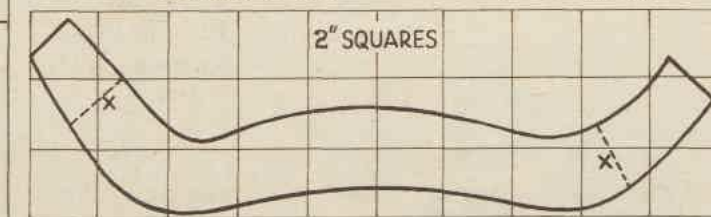
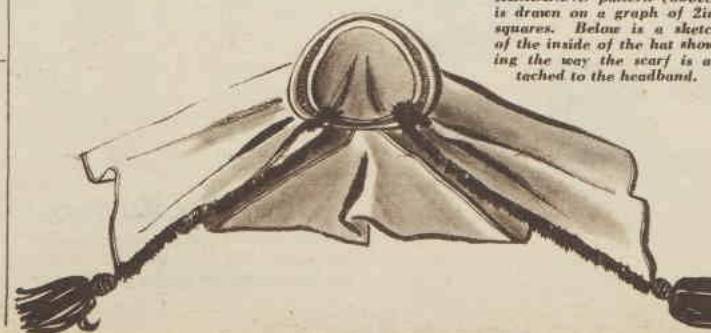


DIAGRAM above is an easy step-by-step instruction chart for making the hat.



HEADBAND pattern (above) is drawn on a graph of 2in. squares. Below is a sketch of the inside of the hat showing the way the scarf is attached to the headband.



Doctors Prove Palmolive
can bring YOU...

a lovelier complexion
in 14 days!



You too CAN LOOK
FOR THESE COMPLEXION
IMPROVEMENTS IN 14 DAYS

- ♥ Fresher, brighter complexion!
- ♥ Less oiliness!
- ♥ Added softness and smoothness!
- ♥ Fewer, tiny blemishes—and incipient blackheads!
- ♥ Complexion clearer, more radiant!

Not just a promise
but a proved plan!

THIS IS ALL YOU DO!

Wash your face with Palmolive soap. Then for 60 seconds massage your clean face with Palmolive's soft lovely lather. Rinse! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage will bring your skin Palmolive's beautifying and lasting effect.



REGULAR & ECONOMY BATH SIZE

"Chafed? Not a
chance. I wear super
soft **DRI-GLO
NAPS**"



asserts Miss Prudence Macsween, of 14 Glen Av., Randwick

Why? Because they're the *only* naps made from double-warp material, silly! They're stronger, and they last longer, because they contain *much more cotton* and it's *super quality*! They're kitten-soft, cushiony and so highly-absorbent, they protect me from all changes of climate! 100% hygienic, they're *hemmed*, and won't fray. Two weights: Standard and lightweight for quick wet-weather drying.

Matrons of Maternity Hospitals use and recommend Dri-Glo naps. If you're expecting, lay-by a full supply next time you shop.

Send a photo of your beautiful baby to "Dri-Glo", 65 York Street, Sydney. Five guineas for every picture used in Dri-Glo advertising.

A PRODUCT OF BOND'S INDUSTRIES

Beutron presents three new button ranges for Autumn—



Beutron buttons
always match—never clash

NEW

Beutron Originals

Reproductions of French and American buttons. Some plated in real gold and silver, others diamante studded, others with "Opal-Glo" centres, value priced at

3D. TO 2/6 EACH

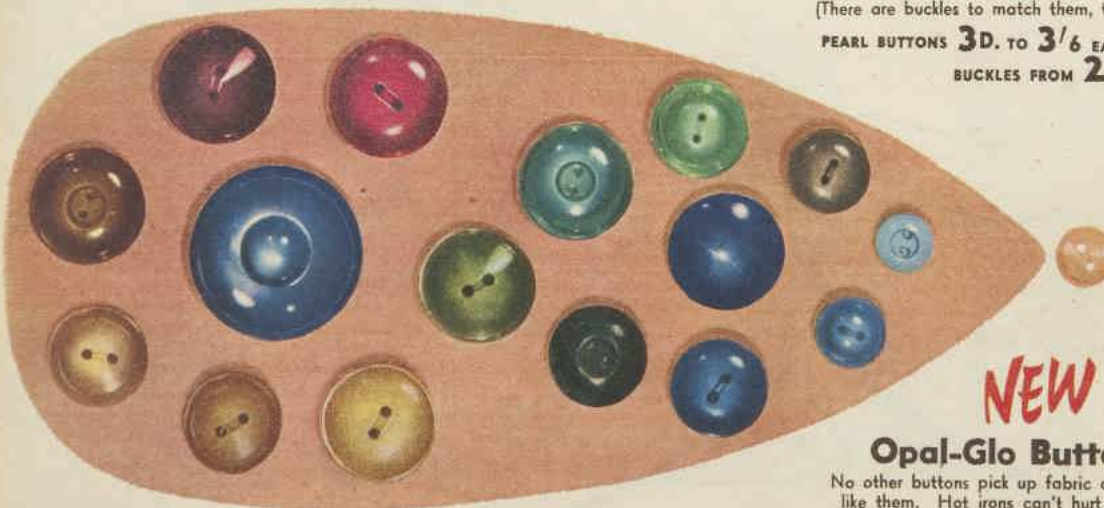


NEW

Pearl Buttons

See pearl-centred filigree buttons, pearly pin wheels, plastic-ringed pearl buttons, the new pearl press-stud buttons. (There are buckles to match them, too.)

**PEARL BUTTONS 3D. TO 3/6 EACH
BUCKLES FROM 2/11**



NEW

Opal-Glo Buttons

No other buttons pick up fabric colours like them. Hot irons can't hurt them. You can tell dry cleaners they're guaranteed.



Use Beutrons on all your Knitteds. See for yourself how Beutron buttons dramatise many of the sample hand-knits displayed on Knitting Wool Counters. And Australia's leading manufacturers of Knitting Wools recommend Beutron buttons exclusively right through all the instructions in their knitting books.

Beutron buttons star colours chosen by the British Colour Council and The American Textile Color Card Association and they are designed around advance collections of imported dress fabrics.

Look at the best of the new Autumn fashions—you will find Beutron buttons on skirts, slacks and shirts. **BUTTON-DETAIL** is more popular than ever and Beutron "Opal-Glo's" and "Pastel Pearl" buttons are used extensively on pockets, pleats and hips!



Serve yourself! Pick the buttons you want from the BEUTRON serve-yourself display stand that you'll find on the button-counters of all the leading stores. It displays a full-range of carded "Opal-Glo's" in every size and colour, and a separate stand does the same for Beutron's hoil-tested white buttons!

Penny wise? "Opal-Glo" button-cards save you money, because they include two yards of sewing-cotton to the card. Enough to sew on every button with double-thread, and it matches them exactly!

1/4½ PER CARD



BEAUTIFUL BEUTRONS ARE MADE BY G. HERRING (AUST.) PTY. LTD., DUNNING AVE., ROSEBERY, N.S.W.

LOVE STORY OF "YOUNG BESS"

Film Fan-Fare

By
M. J. McMAHON

★ One of the most colorful periods in British history is the background of "Young Bess," Metro's technicolor version of the early life and love of the first Queen Elizabeth. Based on Margaret Irwin's popular book, the film probably will be ready for release in time to coincide with another great historical event, the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.

HUSBAND AND WIFE in real life, in "Young Bess" Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons are the ill-fated lovers, Lord Admiral Thomas Seymour and the young princess, later to become Queen Elizabeth I. The part of Henry VIII is taken by Charles Laughton.



YOUNG PRINCESS ELIZABETH. lovely Jean Simmons, dances at the colorful Royal banquet presided over by her half-brother, the boy King Edward VI, who is played by juvenile Broadway actor Rex Thompson.

Holiday...
as you like it!



amid the
colour and
splendour of
fascinating

CEYLON



Ceylon is famous for
rare tropical scenery.



Colourful Kandyan
Dancers, part of the
thrilling Kandy Per-
formance in August.

Nature has been truly lavish with her gifts to this magic island gem. The moment you step ashore, the subtle charm of Ceylon will infect you with the desire to stay. In Ceylon the tourist is provided with every modern amenity for rest and play. Famous tropical hotels provide accommodation and cuisine that is unrivalled anywhere, and Resthouses (Tourist Inns) offer old-world charm. Sporting facilities include trout fishing in Waltonian streams, deep sea game fishing, golf, shark-free swimming, and the famous Colombo Racecourse.

Further information, free maps and literature can be obtained by writing to the CEYLON GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU, or Travel Agents, Shipping and Airline Companies in Australia.

Tours can be booked direct on all Registered Travel Agents through the Ceylon Government Tourist Bureau free of commission.

CT 5.16



New
finer
MUM
Stops odor longer!



Safer for Charm—Safer for Skin—Safer for Clothes
Purse Size, 1/9. Medium Size, 2/7. Large Size, 4/2.

New MUM KEEPS YOU NICE TO BE NEAR
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

343

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL—★★ "The Story of Dr. Wassell," technicolor wartime drama, starring Gary Cooper, Laraine Day. Plus "Television Spy," mystery, starring Anthony Quinn. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY—★★ "My Cousin Rachel," drama, starring Richard Burton, Olivia de Havilland. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC—★★ "The Thing From Another World," scientific fantasy, starring Kenneth Tobey, Margaret Sheridan. Plus ★ "Roseanna McCoy," romantic drama, starring Joan Evans, Farley Granger. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY—★★ "Appointment With Venus," comedy-drama, starring David Niven, Glynis Johns. Plus ★ "The Frightened Man," mystery, starring Dermot Walsh, Barbara Murray.

LIBERTY—★★★ "Quo Vadis?" technicolor drama of early Rome, starring Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Leo Genn, Peter Ustinov.

LYCEUM—★ "Ma and Pa Kettle Go to Paris," comedy, starring Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride. Plus ★ "Horizons West," technicolor Western drama, starring Rock Hudson, Julia Adams.

LYRIC—★ "Star Spangled Rhythm," musical, with guest stars Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Alan Ladd. Plus ★ "The Blazing Forest," technicolor action drama, starring John Payne, Susan Morrow. (Both re-releases.)

PARK—★ "The Silver Whip," technicolor Western, starring Dale Robertson, Robert Wagner, Rory Calhoun. Plus "Bungalow 13," mystery, starring Tom Conway, Margaret Hamilton.

PRINCE EDWARD—★★★ "The Greatest Show on Earth," technicolor circus drama, starring Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Charlton Heston, Gloria Grahame. Plus featurettes.

REGENT—★★ "The Quiet Man," technicolor farce, star-

ring John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara, Barry Fitzgerald. Plus featurettes.

STATE—★★ "The Mississippi Gambler," technicolor drama, starring Tyrone Power, Piper Laurie, Julia Adams. Plus "The World's Most Beautiful Girls."

ST. JAMES—★★ "Lili," technicolor romantic drama, starring Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer, Jean Pierre Aumont. (See review this page.) Plus "Time Bomb," action drama, starring Glenn Ford, Ann Vernon. (Not yet reviewed.)

VARIETY—★★★ "Come Back, Little Sheba," drama, starring Burt Lancaster, Shirley Booth, Terry Moore. Plus ★ "Two-Dollar Bet," gambling drama, starring John Littel, Marie Winsor.

Films not yet reviewed

ESQUIRE—★ "My Pal Gus," comedy, starring Richard Widmark, Joanne Dru, Audrey Totter. Plus "I Dream of Jeanie," musical, starring Ray Middleton, Muriel Lawrence, Lynn Bari.

MAYFAIR—★ "Be Your Age," comedy, starring Gary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn, Marilyn Monroe. Plus featurettes.

PALACE—★ "The Secret Four," mystery, starring John Payne, Coleen Gray. Plus "The McGuerins of Brooklyn," comedy, starring William Bendix, Grace Bradley. (Re-release.)

PLAZA—★ "Bwana Devil," three-dimensional color drama, starring Robert Stack, Barbara Britton.

SAVOY—★ "Clochemerle," French-language comedy, starring Brochard, Simone Marchels, Paul Demange, Maxmillienne.

VICTORY—★ "The Redhead from Wyoming," technicolor Western, starring Maureen O'Hara, Alex Nicol. Plus "Black Castle," thriller, starring Boris Karloff.

★★ Lili

LESLIE CARON is set against the colorful background of a carnival in her native France for M.G.M.'s technicolor romance "Lili."

The story is an unusual one of an incredibly naive orphan who is taken off the streets to work in the carnival. She works for an ex-dancer, lamed by a war injury. In the carnival atmosphere, the 16-year-old Lili grows up quickly.

Handsome Mel Ferrer plays Paul Bertelet, the bitter dancer turned puppeteer. Only when working his puppets does he forget his stiff leg. Lili does not realise that he loves her or that it is the real Paul

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

who speaks through the puppets she loves so well.

Everything ends well when Lili sees the real Paul in the puppets, and Lili, Paul, and the puppets are given a contract to play in Paris.

Although Leslie Caron fans may be disappointed that she has not more opportunity to dance, they will see that as Lili she is a fine actress as well as a dancer.

The dream sequences are excellent and the background music is a delightful lingering melody.

Altogether, "Lili" is a film you won't want to miss. In Sydney—St. James.

★ The Silver Whip

UN'TIL the suspenseful finale arrives there is not enough ginger in Fox's slow-moving story of the early West to lift it out of average-class entertainment.

The tale is one of law and order versus mob rule and is set in the days when stagecoaches criss-crossed the American continent carrying mails, gold bullion, and passengers.

There are three heroes in the picture.

Most ruthless is Dale Robertson, who carries out a one-man war against outlaws responsible for a stage hold-up and killings.

Rory Calhoun has a colorless role as the local sheriff who manages to deflect Robertson's vengeful tactics.

The role of the kid—an impulsive young stagecoach driver who favors rough justice for the culprits until he gains hard-won respect for the law—is played by Robert Wagner.

Kathleen Crowley and Lola Albright, the mere women of the piece, are very much in the background.

In Sydney—Park.

★ As I read the stars ★

By EVE HILLIARD ★

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Now's the moment to go over income and expenditure. April 21 offers a different outlook. April 23 a temptation to extravagance; April 25 shows the way to a wish.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Underneath the surface events are shaping as you desire. April 22 is a sign post, but don't allow April 27 to upset your plans.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Much accomplished, April 21, with perhaps good news for which you have been waiting. The week-end may be quieter, but April 27 packs a wallop.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Does that romantic duet strike a sour note, April 21? Does that important club meeting go haywire? April 23 can mend a broken heart or injured pride.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Rear up on your hind legs, you Lions, and tell the world where to get off, April 22. The wisdom of this will be evident by April 23. You'll gain prestige.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): April 21 favors taking up new studies or hobbies. Travel plans may be in the air, but make no arrangements until after April 27.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): You might be fortunate in a business deal, April 21, or earn a small bonus. Avoid signing agreements April 27, or you'll go in the red.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): If you're in love with a person or an idea, April 22 is a milestone. If a member of a team, sporting, social, or domestic, April 27 is a high point.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Ask no favors, April 23, when refusal appears certain. April 25 beams on outdoor activities, games, even a mild profit.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): If fancy free you might meet the one and only, April 22, when romance flourishes for all ages.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Many of you may find April 24 ideal for house-hunting or improving your home, and making household purchases.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): A dash of gossip may season April 22. You may benefit through information in newspapers or magazines. April 27 inclines to short trips.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

BEAT COLDS AND FLU!

Relieve pain—reduce **FEVER**—this
FASTER WAY



How many anti-pain remedies can reduce fever as well as relieve pain? Only one—Anacin. Unlike ordinary pain remedies which contain only one, two or three ingredients, Anacin is like a prescription... it is a scientific combination of four medically proven ingredients. And that fourth ingredient is **QUININE** which reduces fever. Millions of people know that Anacin brings faster relief from pain—more protection from colds and influenza. Anacin is the largest-selling anti-pain remedy in the United States of America and many other countries. Buy Anacin today... in packets of 12 and 30, bottles of 50 and 100 at all chemists and stores.

A 51



INVENTOR of the Sousaphone, Willie Little (Robert Wagner), is asked to join band by the Soudas (Clifton Webb, Ruth Hussey).

IT BEATS THE BAND



DEBUT of Sousa's own band is a tremendous success. They decide on a tour of the country with Lily as a singer. Lily and Willie marry secretly.

ONCE again Clifton Webb proves his versatility in the role of John Philip Sousa in 20th Century-Fox's technicolor musical "It Beats the Band."

The film is based on incidents in the life of the great band leader and musician. The period when Sousa rose to international fame and fortune provides the main interest in the story.

The romantic leads are Robert Wagner, as the inventor of the Sousaphone, and Debra Paget, who sings Sousa's ballads.

2 CHORUS GIRL Lily (Debra Paget) is rescued from the police by Sousa and Willie. She sings some songs written by Sousa, and Willie is attracted to her.



4 DECORATIONS by the reigning monarchs follow a triumphant European tour. Sousa's birthday is practically a national celebration.



5 NEWS arrives that Willie has been seriously wounded in the Spanish-American War. Lily confesses that they are married and Sousa admits he knew their secret all along.

6 CONCERT for wounded veterans given by the Sousa band finds Willie, who has lost a leg, in the audience. Sousa asks him to join the band again as Sousaphone player.

Don Juan role for Errol

By PATRICIA ROLFE, in Rome

Errol Flynn, the swashbuckling hero of many a romantic Hollywood film, is making "The Master of Don Juan" in Italy at present with the help of three stand-ins.

HE has a stand-in for fencing scenes, for dangerous leaps, and for horseback sequences.

However, Errol plays his romantic scenes with his leading lady, Italy's beautiful Gina Lollobrigida, himself.

He has formed his own company to produce films in Italy, and expects to be here for at least twelve months.

"The Master of Don Juan," which is being made with an Italian supporting cast and crew, will be followed by a film on the life of Swiss hero William Tell, which Flynn will also produce and in which he will star.

"I think I can do better

work in Italy," Flynn told me. "I needed a change from Hollywood."

Flynn told an Italian journalist that he was "38 for Warner Brothers and 42 for himself." But from his appearance he might be a little more.

He has always been one of the most popular foreign film stars with Italian audiences. The Italians love the adventurous type of film in which he usually plays, and they have a great respect, perhaps not unmixed with envy, for his private romantic reputation.

The story of "The Master of Don Juan" is based on an idea of Mr. Flynn's.

"I hadn't actually nursed a



ERROL FLYNN, Cesare Danova, and Paola Mori in a scene from "The Master of Don Juan," which Flynn is making in Italy with an Italian supporting cast.

private ambition to play the part of Don Juan on the screen, but he is a character who has always had my highest admiration," he said.

"However, this film is not based on the classical story. It's about two friends, one older and experienced, the

other a young man. I play the older, experienced one."

The film is being made in color, and the Italian cast speak in their own language while Flynn speaks in English.

Voices will be dubbed so that there will be an Italian version and an English version.

Which Twin has the Toni—

AND WHICH HAS THE EXPENSIVE PERM?

(See answer below)



Hairstyle by a leading coiffur

Nola and June Funnke were enchanting debutantes in their snowy, lace-trimmed gowns. They're identical twins and their hair looks identical... but it's Nola on the left who has the Toni, and June the expensive perm.

Toni
gives you glamour-hair
for every special occasion

Autumn has ushered in some wonderful new fashions and it's Toni time for you! You'll want your hair at its versatile loveliest for days and dances. Gentle-acting Toni actually conditions your hair to silky natural softness with a perm that looks and acts like naturally curly hair. And remember—Toni costs so little, you can afford to have yours right now!

Toni HOME PERM

WHOLE HEAD REFILL, 13/9

End Curl Refill, 9/11



WHENEVER YOU NEED A PERM, YOU can afford A Toni



Actually grows lovelier with use!

PICTURE-STORY IN EIGHT BIG PAGES OF RICH COLOR AND ROTOGRAVURE PORTRAYING LIFE IN THE VATICAN CITY. YOU WILL SEE THIS ONLY IN THE APRIL 14 ISSUE OF A.M. NOW ON SALE

MORLEY *Velnit* (REG)

... is unusually soft, luxurious and warm. Soothing to delicate skins, it has a comfortable elasticity, and stands plenty of laundering!



Morley "Velnit" Slips, Vests, Panties and Briefs are famous for style, fit, and long wearing. In sizes for young folk, too!

Morley "Velnit" Nighties are stylish and practical... snugly soft and soothingly warm, with complete freedom and comfortable elasticity!

Wee-folk and Teenagers need the snuggly warm protection of Morley "Velnit"... preferred above all by wise mothers with growing daughters.

Morley "Velnit" Nighties and Pyjamas are available in happy pastel shades, and workmanship and finish are irreproachable... as is always the case with garments which carry the MORLEY label!

Always look for the name

MORLEY on Underwear

AT ALL LEADING STORES

Continuing . . . Pepi's Biggest Moment

from page 3

which Pepi's tongue buzzed like a vicious gnat.

"One day you'll find yourself with your chest caved in like a smashed egg!" he would say, glowering at his friend. "Then see how they'll all stick by you—maybe!"

"They" always loomed up in Pepi's language, a community title for the whole human race which was ranged against him. The giant would smile benignly.

"I'll be all right. Nothing can go wrong."

"Nothing can go wrong," he says! Wait and see! Pepi's triangular face would jerk nervously with genuine concern for his friend. "It's too tricky, I tell you!" said the midget who danced in space every night.

The giant had a large heart and Pepi's morbid thrusts never worried him. Pepi's conversation, reserved for him alone, was always equally cynical, and he would ignore bitter remarks from the tiny man like a large dog benevolently pawing a small spitting kitten.

In fact, he used to take a simple delight in listening to his friend's speech, because it was so heavily salted with slang, with the brisk conversational comebacks of thirty years of living. Whatever happened, Pepi had ready some apt remark, colorful and pointed, if not original.

So in the spring, when the giant fell in love, he was not hurt by Pepi's reaction. They were playing a small country town, set amidst hills all newly painted with wattle, and at first the giant thought his moods of depression alternating with dizziness were due to hayfever. When he realized that it was love, he sought Pepi out and found him squatting cross-legged in the shade of the lion's cage.

"Pepi, I'm going to be married!"

For just one second, Pepi was taken by surprise. Then he dredged around in his mind and lined up a series of remarks to fit the occasion. His small eyes snapped angrily.

"You'll be sorry!"

"Ah, no, Pepi!" the giant said good-naturedly. "She's a very nice girl—"

"Aren't they all!"

"And I've seen her every time we've played this town. She's a nice girl, Pepi. We're getting married straight away, but she isn't coming with us. I don't think circus life would suit her. Too rough," said the giant, smiling tenderly into the tawny eyes of the caged lioness, and seeing only his lady love.

Pepi sat bolt upright, bristling. "Too rough? What? days mean, too rough? Nothing is too rough for women. They're all as tough as nails. Don't let her fool you!" he said urgently.

The giant rubbed his fair curly head in thought. "She isn't," he announced. "She's different. Not like other girls. Kind of—kind of—soft."

Pepi cocked his head anxiously. "What's wrong with you?" he demanded. "Look, Jumbo, don't do it! You think it over. All women—"

"And she wants to meet you." "Wants to meet me?" Pepi stalled in utter surprise.

"I've told her about you and me being friends for a long time now, and she'd like to meet you."

Pepi's face twisted. "I'll bet! Wants to see the freak!" He hunched his shoulders and scuffed his feet into the dust. "Well, she can wait," he said bitterly. "I'm not on show. She may be fooling you, but don't drag me in on it. Marry her, and see how long it lasts! Only she needn't try to put it over me."

He met her that evening before the show, when the giant proudly led her through the whistling circus crowd and up to Pepi's caravan.

Pepi happened to be standing on the top step and this gave him sufficient height to look hard into her face. He had been given no chance to rehearse any sarcastic remarks and suddenly he didn't want any.

The giant was right. The girl had a quality of softness, of sweetness. "Like a rose," thought Pepi, thinking of the pale pink briars that grew in tangles by the mountain roads.

She had a heart-shaped face with a surprisingly stubborn chin, and her large grey eyes looked bravely into his. One hand was tucked under the giant's arm, but she held the other out to Pepi and it was only then that he saw how she was trembling.

"She's frightened of me!" he thought, utterly surprised that he, the small, the derided Pepi, could have such an effect on a fellow being. And in that moment he surrendered completely. A slow, painful blush spread over his face and he hung his head.

"I hope you don't mind my—my coming around to see you like this," she said, and her hand tightened on the giant's arm and Pepi knew what she was apologising for.

"I don't mind," he answered, and he really meant it.

Next day when she and the giant were married Pepi was present, in an incredibly wasp-waisted suit and silk cravat. During the next week he was third man on a honeymoon.

He listened to Jumbo talking about her. And he listened to her talking about Jumbo. She worried about his act, and Pepi would take her to stand with the performers at the entrance to the tent so that she could speak to Jumbo as soon as he left the ring.

He would puff up with pride as he guided her past ropes and pegs and the sudden snarlings as the caged animals

reacted to the excitement of the crowd and the music.

As the circus' short season in the town was ending, he and Jumbo were sunk in almost equal depression. On the day of separation she and Jumbo and Pepi, linked by grief, silently amidst the half-hazy of the circus packing up. Finally, like a small sad monkey, Pepi watched Jumbo wander down the red dust road with the girl, taking her back to the township for the last time.

"Back up, Pepi! You'll find someone your own size one day!" yelled the Fat Lady, slapping him merrily as she waddled past.

"That's more than I can say for you!" he mumbled, and banged the door of his caravan as her face collapsed in surprise.

They were on the road for months, and at every push and Jumbo would provide some witting advance publicity to the circus by hurrying down the street together, looking for the post office and a letter from her.

They would stand side by side in the street while the giant lingered over the letter. "There's a bit here for you," he would say, reading it out while Pepi smiled and gazed into space as if he could hear her voice saying the words.

The summer blew away in a haze of red dust and there was the breath of winter in the skies when Jumbo had a letter which worried him. He flung himself down on his bunk, filling the pages in his huge hands.

"She's sick," he said, and Pepi saw the sickness reflected in his own eyes. He twisted his huge hands together and turned his face away. "She doesn't say what it is. Oh, Pepi, I should be with her!"

They both thought back over the long miles of bush and mountain that separated them from the little town where part of the big man lay ill.

Pepi could almost feel the intensity of the giant's agony. "She'll be better next time you hear, you see!" he said, and tried to ignore the feeling of dread that mocked him as he spoke.

Jumbo was in misery as the days passed. He would sit by himself, dead to the circus noises, not eating, waiting for another letter. Pepi sat beside him, a small silent shadow. The sight of the large man, bowed down with worry, with grief slowly destroying him, shook Pepi out of his tiny self-contained world. He found himself praying to an unknown God for news to come, good news.

Then it began to rain, a grey curtain falling silently over the weary days of waiting. The rain aggravated Pepi's strained nerves and he became more like his old self, sulking and muttering, irritated by the damp flapping canvas and the mud of wet fur and leather and the mud that sprayed up as he went to him.

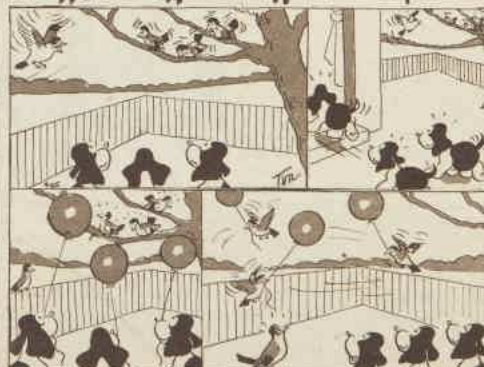
"I hate this rain," Pepi would say angrily. "Why doesn't it stop?" But the giant seemed to find an odd companionship in the softness of the rain. He would stand around bareheaded, blinking his face to the grey poise of the sky, feeling the coolness of the rain on his skin. And all the time he was waiting, silently, like a suffering animal.

Pepi was with him when the letter came. The giant went out of the post office, waving ahead, holding it in his hands. Such a flood of terror rushed over Pepi that his knees began to shake under him and he sprang out on his forehead.

He wanted to run away, to dodge the message of the strange handwriting as the giant silently handed him the letter, but the long friendship

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FOR THE CHILDREN Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



Twice as many tufts in the **NEW WISDOM** **flexi-brush**

✓Twice the value
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"FLEXI-BRUSH" massages gums gently but thoroughly

And safely! The busy, round-end bristles are so flexible, they protect even the tenderest gums yet do a wonderful cleansing job.



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FB-3-2

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The new Wisdom Flexi-brush—another Adles product.

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5. 4 pure, white, stainless vanishing cream.



ARRID

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DIETICIANS AGREE—

EGGS
are the perfect
all-round food!

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 22, 1953

Continuing **Pepi's Biggest Moment** from page 38

him to read. Already he knew what it would say.

It was written by the girl's landlady, an awkwardly phrased letter, telling of the girl's death and asking the giant what he wanted done with her things. That was all there was to the story of the giant's love, and like all the really big stories it was so simple that it was almost corny.

When Pepi looked up, the giant was almost out of sight, shambling down the street. Pepi ran after him, calling, not wanting to be alone, not wanting to be left holding the dreadful letter.

The townspeople laughed and pointed at the sight of the dwarf, sobbing and calling, running to catch up with the other man, with the giant, who came from the circus that was pitched at the end of Mulvaney's paddock.

When the show began that night the giant was missing. Everyone in the circus knew what had happened and everyone worried about him. As the lights blazed and beckoned, as the drums thudded, as the Grand Parade formed up outside the Big Top, the question was passed along: "Anyone see Jumbo?"

They missed Jumbo, casually at first, but with a growing uneasiness as the parade moved off without him. Pepi kept step to the tinkle of the elephant's bells beside him, for once feeling no response to the crowd's roar as he led the procession.

The bright confusion of patchwork rags and satins, of whitened faces and cottony wigs, snaked its way round the ring like a confetti-colored ribbon, looking as gay and boisterous as ever, but beneath it all ran the nervous questioning about the giant.

"It's a terrible thing indeed," said Mike, bestowing sweeping salutes on the crowd as he wheeled his horses in a figure eight in the centre of the ring, "Losing his wife, and all! A terrible thing. But surely the great lump wouldn't—?"

He silenced himself, afraid of what he was thinking.

Pepi was very glad to go up on the wire that night. He could get away from the worry of Jumbo, from the questioning of the others. But when he began his act, the giant's sorrow seemed to have climbed up with him.

He felt dull and sad as he flung off his cloak and began to work on the wire. Gone was the joy, the wild freedom as space called to him. He forced himself to put more into his act, working himself to exhaustion point, making brutal demands on his body to add to the brilliance which already had the crowd gasping.

In that way he tried to forget about the giant. His small soul shrank from the memory of the sorrow which had come to his friend. I'm better off as I am, alone! his mind chattered nervously as he finished his act. Better off alone! I've got my act, and the crowd's with me. I don't need anyone else!

Then he looked down and saw the giant.

He had come into the ring noiselessly while everyone was watching Pepi. He had dressed in his purple and yellow costume and the brilliant colors contrasted terribly with his white face and shrunken eyes. He was standing in mid-ring, and he was holding the letter.

As Pepi stared down at him he raised his eyes and Pepi saw that he was weeping. Openly, unaware of the crowd, standing there like a great baby with tears rolling down his face and his mouth working.

Pepi felt cold horror strike him. He caught his breath in

a sob. Suddenly, as he gazed at the giant, he could understand the greatness of the love which the giant had had for so short a time. He felt the infinite shallowness of his own existence. He stood on the wire with the circus at his feet and he felt lonely and unwanted.

For that long moment he was motionless, gazing down at the giant. Then the years of training set his brain racing. All movement in the ring had been halted for his act. At any second now the crowd would notice the giant standing there, helpless in his misery.

Suddenly sensitive, Pepi imagined the laughter and ridicule which the weeping giant would arouse. "Probably they'll think it's an act," he snarled savagely to himself.

Already he could sense the crowd's uneasiness as they waited for more action on the wire. Before they looked down, before they saw Jumbo, he must act.

The ghost of the old Pepi in his heart snarled that he was a fool, that all he had in life was the perfection of his act, his reputation of no mistakes since he'd been in the big time.

Then he took a deep breath and guided his body through one last magnificent twist and somersault before he finished his act. It was his farewell to his reputation as the perfect artist. He bowed as the crowd went mad with delight. Then he began his descent.

It was as he swung from the last trapeze before hitting the net that he slipped, and only the quickest eye could have suspected that it was not an accident. With arms flailing, the tiny red figure crashed into the net, bounced, seemed to twist sideways, and rolled over the side of the net into a tub of water ready for the clowns.

For a moment there was the intense silence of the whole circus holding its breath. Then, as Pepi climbed from the tub, the crowd began to laugh. It was the laughter of relief, not without a little malice for the tiny man brought to grief before them.

Pepi stood there, water dripping from him, his cap knocked askew and its two velvet horns crumpled and twisted—"like a crooked halo," thought the Ringmaster, watching him through narrowed eyes and wondering how far friendship could go and what he ought to do about it. Now the crowd was beginning to cat-call and whistle, and the Ringmaster signalled the next act into the ring.

The circus people clustered round Pepi moved back into their places and he was left alone to walk out of the ring. Even though the Ringmaster had showily patted him on the back, it was a long way across the sawdust, with half the audience clapping disinterestedly or laughing, and the others saving their attention for the next act.

But as Mike's horses galloped past him in a flurry of foaming manes and jingling harness, as he left the yellow circle of the ring behind him, Pepi's heart was singing, a small secret song.

He had seen the giant being shepherdly quietly out of the ring under cover of the excitement, and somehow he kept seeing before him the face of the girl like a wild rose.

As he pushed through the tent opening, with hands stretched out to him, rough hands prodding him gently, with people flinging questions at him, asking what had gone wrong, and was he all right, something inside him kept answering. "How do I feel? Right now I feel like the biggest man in the circus!"

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of a hot morning, was tempted by the thought of a bath before circling the White Dunes to the little bay.

So, anchoring the catboat where the swells were not quite breaking, he removed his clothes and swam rapidly ashore to scrub with sand, then rinse. His flesh tingling, he walked to the dune crest, squeezing the salt water from his hair and glowing with the good feel of fierce sun through salt moisture.

His view toward the south and west was blocked by higher, wind-ridged waves of sand, but to east and south-east the submerged tablelands spread into the sea glitter of the east.

For a moment he simply fed his eyes upon pink and purple, sapphire and gold. Then he looked more intently into the sun path, where, far out, the small silhouette of the wrecked steamer should have risen from it.

Wondering, Tobias said, "The Webber has gone!" He looked through cupped hands as if through glasses and argued the matter aloud. "I had thought that she was pinned until the rust ate her or a new hurricane blew, and I would wish to sail round to see!"

Two hours later he was climbing back into the catboat, where the little craft rode wildly outside the eastern surf, and was rehearsing what he would tell Henri and Joseph of that which he had seen at the spot where the Webber had lain. He chose the words he would use, for he did not wish to give a false impression.

"She has gone into the great deep. There is a sluiceway where she lay. She may simply have carried the coral with her as she slipped, but the coral is much torn and there are flung fragments. It is my

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thought that she was dynamited from her bed." Having expressed the thought, he saw the foolishness of his belief.

An explosion from natural causes, then—of some gas accumulation in the ship's ruined hull? Impossible. Deliberate destruction of the ship because it was in some manner a link with the unknown evil? But why now, after so long?

Yet if the unknown evil had again been here, it might still be here, and if it was here he would not wish to walk blindly into its power, lest justice never be done for his son and for Cap' Henri.

The south-western bay was the natural entry to the reefs; thus were evil still here. It might well be within the bay. He should look down upon the bay before entering it. And presently he was wading beside the catboat as he worked it up one of the small creeks of the northern shore between narrowing five-foot cliffs of sand and sedge.

When the boat was completely hidden save from one looking down directly from above, he dug the anchor into the sand and swung himself up the little cliff, then cautiously and rapidly worked his way toward the top of the nearest dune, wishing the circling sea birds would not form columns above him.

As his eyes came slowly above the last crest from which the tiny, endless streams of sand were blowing, he stiffened.

Below him, the dune swept down for perhaps a quarter mile, ending in a small cliff below which was the circular beach of the bay.

On the transparency of the

bay itself a fine powerboat rode. And on what little of the beach he could see was a litter of cooking-pots, bottles, discarded cans, and disarrayed blankets. From under the lip of the little cliff bare human feet stuck out, and the faint blue of cooking smoke drifted in the sun.

From his present position it would be impossible for him to draw closer without being seen. But some hundreds of yards to the south the crest of a dune swerved toward the beach and a much steeper pitch of the western face led to a small pocket of salt grass fringed with a low sprawl of pink-flowered sand vines.

Tobias worked back from the crest, then rose to run parallel with it until its sand summits swung hayward.

HAVING reached the section of the crest above the salt-grass pocket, Tobias could hear the sound of men's voices, but could catch no words, while the men themselves were completely hidden by the raised lip of the sand pocket at the cliff edge.

He knew that even in the hiding-place of the sand pocket there would be great danger of his being seen. But he had searched empty sea and empty dune too long to fling away the chance of closeness. He started on his belly down the pitch of snowy and squeaking sand.

Little avalanches rolled before him, but he landed in the salt-grass hollow without having attracted attention. And cautiously lifting the vine tangles on to the sand lip so that there would be less chance that a man standing on the

beach would see him, he recognised the voices of Martin, Philip, and Diego Herrera.

Listening intently, he was astonished to learn that they were debating as to who had destroyed the Webber. Why had someone destroyed the Webber?

They, themselves, had seemingly delayed the delivery of their bulls in South America—the animals being unhappily parked with the John P. Riggs in the Low Cays—and had come here to check some matter in regard to the Webber, only to be dumbfounded and worried by finding the Webber gone. Being here, though bored, they were waiting for someone or something that should have been here ere this.

Tobias assumed with fright that they referred to Henri and Joseph.

Martin and Diego had rolled out from under the cliff to sprawl on the sand. Then old Geraldino Herrera's deep voice sounded from under the cliff for the first time.

"Bah!" For it was said that the old man spoke five languages, but chose English when he was angry. "Once men acted instead of talked! Now what pass as men talk instead of act! It causes me surprise that my grandchildren are not dictionaries and my great-grandchildren parrots!"

He came into view as he rose, clad in faded blue, short-sleeved shirt and blue dungarees, yet more spectacular than his sons, a huge and dark old man with the incredibly seamed face of a Polynesian chief and a humorous blandness

of expression that was belied by the known record of his appalling cruelties.

"Little girls, old women, chattering myna birds, be quiet!" He closed his great fist.

"There is only one question for men! What do I do about it? And for a proper man, that is a short question!"

"The money we brought to the Low Cays at least was long!" Martin Herrera said. "Very and pleasantly long!"

"Baboona!" old Geraldino said, clapping him over the ear. "And were you not baboons who played as baboons, we were not now roosting on a sand bar!"

He moved hugely toward the bay. And Tobias, gazing momentarily to the north, experienced a new fear, for a remote column of sea birds was again seemingly watching something that moved upon the dunes—in the general direction of Tobias' catboat. He assumed that one of the Hereras must be on the dunes. And with the other Hereras no longer against the little cliff, Tobias could not get back up the dune to guard his boat. He had trapped himself.

Or what if Henri and Joseph should be unsuspectingly nearing the reefs and he could not warn them? He pictured the Sea Lily as even now in view and himself, Tobias, useless as a jungle fowl pretending to be fallen leaves!

Anguish made him foolish. His hand exerted unconscious pressure upon the forward rim of his sand basin, and a strong rivulet of white sand flowed down upon the beach as the forward lip of the basin began to lower before his eyes.

In an instant, old Geraldino was walking toward him. "What have we here?"

On their feet, the Hereras men pressed behind their father. Tobias attempted to fling himself up the rocklike pitch of the dune, but sliding sand defeated him. At he slipped ignominiously backward, Martin Herrera leaped to grasp him by one foot, for other Herera brothers seized Martin, and, with a combine heave, they jerked the great black man over the collapse edge of the little cliff, to fall with a violent thud upon the beach.

About him, the Hereras laughed, pointed, and commented delightedly, as there would have laughed at the capture of some large animal.

"Get up, boy!" Old Geraldino toed Tobias in the side. "What are you doing here? And why were you spying?"

Tobias rose, gravely from the sand as Martin Herrera held the razor-keen point of a shark knife against his belly and Philip Herrera delicately pricked the small of his back with another. "I gather fans and plumes. I was hidden to see who was upon the beach."

"Where is your boat?" "I have no boat. The boat is my partner's. He has taken our haul to market." The lie came clumsily to him.

Martin Herrera said, "He is lying." He struck Tobias flung-handed on the ear. "Where is your boat? Who dynamited the ship?"

In Tobias' eyes was a redness, but he said, "I have no boat, m'sieurs. I do not know what befell the ship."

"He is a boy of Ham Island," old man Herrera said. "Old Captain Henri Chris-

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PERSIL washes whitest (because it washes cleanest)

The things that happen . . .

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Continuing

The Secret of the Purple Reefs

tophe's. Boy, when do Henri and Joseph Christophe come?" Tobias was silent.

"He will talk," Martin Herera said, and smiled at the fire. "He may or may not," old Geraldino said indifferently. "In my father's day, at times they told the hiding-places of the other runaway slaves. At times they did not, and died."

With Martin Herera holding the shark knife against Tobias' stomach and Philip Herera's knife still delicately pricking the small of his back, Dominico Herera tied Tobias' wrists and ankles. Tobias stood still, looking gravely downward at the sand. Neither did he struggle as a half-dozen of the Hereras seized him to dump him sitting by the pale ashes of the fire.

Martin Herera thrust back the ashes with a prong of drift-wood so that the coals showed. The other Herera brothers pressed close, some upon one knee, some kneeling with hands on knees as men gather about a game played on a pavement. Their lips moved and their dark eyes danced. Giant old Geraldino stood by in casual interest.

"When do Henri and Joseph Christophe come?" Martin Herera asked. "For what do they seek here? Was it they who dynamited the ship?"

Tobias' eyes looked past him at the green edge of the tide against the white sand and at the bay on which to-day was a wide drift of sargassum. And Tobias was straining outward on the cord about his wrists so that the muscles of his arms bulged iron-hard under the dark skin.

Old Geraldino smiled at the fire. The cord gave fractionally so that Tobias' big, dark hands turned palm upward as if in supplication.

Snapping suddenly, he thrust his hands, scopewise, deep into the hot ashes and little coals of fire and swung his filled hands to fling ash and coals—three times, fast, ignoring the agony in his hands—so that coals and hot ash flew over the close-pressed circle.

Shouting, the Hereras pawed at their ash-covered faces, clawed madly at their hair and down their shirts. They rolled and kicked, bellowing.

Tobias had jammed his wrists down on the coals so that the cord flared, jerked outward on the cord, and his wrists were free. He flung himself over and between the swearing, shouting, and rolling Hereras, and was on wet sand, into the water. He did not wait to free his ankles, but swam fishlike with tied feet.

Behind him, about the fire, the ash-covered Hereras still clawed at scorched hair, slapped out burning clothing, reached, yelling, down their shirts for coals. Old Geraldino laughed jerringly, rocking backward and forward as he stood with his hands at his belt.

Tobias, swimming with all his strength, was into the first drifts of the sargassum, which lay heaviest about the south sand horn of the bay, so that the powerboat would have to circle it. Once into the shelter of the weeds, he dived, swimming below the weeds and coming up only for air.

Having rounded the south sand horn and with the Hereras still not in sight, he surfaced and swam fiercely again, and had reached the first vast tangles of the golden growth when he heard the powerboat start. He dived and swam beneath the thicker weed, then fought his way up through its matting for air. Getting his

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breath, he dived again, and again.

From the bay came shouting and the roaring of the powerboat's engine. Deep into the weeds now, Tobias came up softly, tipped his head back, and drew a covering of wet yellow weeds across his face.

He could glimpse that the launch had rounded the dune and that the Hereras were searching the smaller weed patches for him. But if they did not assume that he had drowned, they would guess what he had done and come to the great weed patch where he was hidden.

Yet, having guessed, they still could not bring the powerboat under power into the great sargassum meadows. They could enter only by poling, and could discover him only by laboriously parting the weed masses or by prodding for him with the pole. He could still make it quite hard for them to find him, save by luck.

They were trying the first and smaller meadow now, with the powerboat pointed at the swaying carpet of the weed as they intently studied every foot of its surface. There was also something on the bow of the powerboat that Tobias had never seen before.

Tobias thought it was a fat telescope on a tripod, but when Martin Herera gripped the thing, it emitted a slashing blast of sound. And from where a small hump had shown in the sargassum meadow the swirls of foam and torn weed flew upward as the startled flights of the little fish broke water.

ALTHOUGH Tobias still did not know the thing's name, he knew now what it was doing as the Hereras whirled it at those humps of the meadow that might mean that a swimmer sought air beneath the weed or as it chased those stirrings of the weed carpet that might mark a fleeing fish or a swimming man.

Meanwhile, he was working frantically at the cord about his ankles. He must live to warn Henri and Joseph that the Hereras waited for them.

As the powerboat spun toward the larger fields of sargassum where he hid, the cord came free, he steadied himself so that no ripple should mark his place, and sank with back-tilted head so that only his lips were above the water under the watery weed.

Once the hiss and splash of the little fish bombarding his body told him that the laughing gun had slashed at something near him; perhaps at a swirling barracuda. But he resisted all tendency to move, and presently could relax a little.

Then, after taking the boat on one great circle round the great meadow, the Hereras grew tired of hunting him, perhaps believing he had drowned or that their bullets had caught him.

But before they left they did a strange thing. They, who hated water, went out to where the Webber had lain, and moved, wading and stooping, back and forth through the water and sometimes staggering toward the edge of the deep.

When they finally left, it was to the south-west, on the course for the Low Cay. And Tobias felt great relief, for he had feared that they might have gone to intercept Henri and Joseph in the Sea Lily.

He was so weak from pain, emotional strain, and submer-

sion that, having gained the shore, he could hardly stand. It also occurred to him that he had not eaten at all to-day.

Noting in bitterness that the notice that had read **NEEDED BY THE BROTHERS CHRISTOPHE** had been insolently changed to **TAKEN BY THE BROTHERS HERERA**, he saw that both the cache of gasoline and little Timothy Christophe's dinghy were gone, while the emergency supply of water had been upset. Then, stumbling and falling like an old man, he began the long trek back across the dunes.

Often he had to lie down, and, having lain down, would fall asleep. So that it was rosy evening when he came out at the head of the little cleft where he had left the catboat. It was gone!

Tobias stood swaying in the dusk. This was the place. But the boat was gone—and the Hereras had not taken it!

Who had taken it? What had taken it? Whatever it was, he was marooned with it under waking stars and falling night.

Having said good-bye to Tobias in Tampa, and having irritated the dock watchman by requests that he ceaselessly guard the Sea Lily, Henri and Joseph parted; Joseph going to collect their personal mail and to seek a diving suit at the marine salvage company, while Henri set out to see Dr. Clifford at the museum.

Dr. Clifford was delighted by the inventory and even more pleased that they planned to work the reefs at lower levels.

"The amount of the present cheque is so good that I can hardly believe it, m'sieur. It has tempted me to an extravagance that I would like to commit to-night," Henri told him. "Would it be too much to ask for a five-dollar advance in cash?"

"I could make it more if you want it," Dr. Clifford said. "What is the extravagance?"

"Joseph wants a flute. If it is still in the pawnshop, I am going to try to buy it for him. Joseph has had very little."

The flute was still in the pawnbroker's window. The pawnbroker, an elderly and bearded Syrian, was behind the counter.

Henri bowed, producing the five dollars. "M'sieur, it is my understanding the price of the flute in your window is fifty dollars—which is too much. Since, however, I must offer you a proposition of trade rather than cash, we will accept the too-high price of the instrument."

"We will accept cash or nothing!" the pawnbroker said. "Then, m'sieur, part of us will lose the best bargain ever offered him," Henri said.

"He will take the risk," the pawnbroker said. . . . "What bargain?"

"M'sieur, for the flute I will pay you five dollars in cash as binder of the deal. I will place in your hands as security a chronometer worth one hundred dollars. In the next two nights I will paint your ceiling—with which you are making little progress."

"Two nights of work are not worth forty-five dollars and I do not wish my ceiling painted."

"Two nights of my work are worth forty-five dollars—as you will see! But were they not worth the amount, it would but make them match the flute."

They lapsed into commercial bargaining. Obviously their

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Essential for the Health of the Whole Family

For the sake of your family's health—buy Vitamin Enriched Bread and Flour. You will find that the whole family will soon feel healthier—have more energy for work and play.



Eat More Bread!

FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE . . . BUY
VITAMIN ENRICHED BREAD AND FLOUR

Continuing . . . The Secret of the Purple Reefs

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mutual respect and liking grew.

"I am worn down!" the pawnbroker said, raising his hands three-quarters of an hour later. "Three nights' work and the chronometer, as security, and the five dollars down, and the flute is yours! My voice can endure no more."

With wrapped flute, Henri overtook Joseph as he was emerging from the salvage company. Joseph's face was alight with pleasure.

"I have found a good suit that needs only a little patching, and with a really good compressor and even a marine telephone—though that will not work. Best of all, we can hire it for ten dollars a month." His face sobered. "There is also a letter for you from your friend the good editor in Miami. He has secured one of the hats and is mailing it to you. But I would not have you hope too much from it."

"I will not," Henri said as they fell in step. "Meantime, behold our fine cheque from the good doctor! . . . And here is something for you, Joseph."

Joseph took the wrapped package with puzzled pleasure. Undoing it, he stood quite still and the red of astonished delight swept up his face.

"The flute!" Joseph said wonderingly. "I have so often looked at flutes, but never thought to have one. But you should not have done it, Henri!"

"The cash cost was but five dollars—my spending money. The rest is a deal that does not concern you, prudent one," Henri said. "Go get the caulking materials and fastenings needed for the diving barge, then make horrid noises with your flute! I go to the library, then to see Madame Combs."

At the little marine library, with the battered volume for which he had sought at last in his hands, Henri was almost fearful of reading lest the reading prove yet another blind lead. The case of the Campello, which the kind Englishman had advised that he study, had, it seemed, first attracted the underwriters' attention when the ship was destroyed by burning.

The true interest in the case centred, however, in the details of ownership as shown by further investigation, that had revealed that the ship, whose original cost had been around a million dollars, had been sold at a forced marshal's sale for, incredible as it might seem, four thousand seven hundred dollars.

Shortly afterwards the lucky purchaser resold her for fifty thousand dollars. The company that bought her as promptly sold her for seventy-five thousand dollars; for which last amount a mortgage was accepted, payable over a ten-year period.

In view of the amount of this mortgage, the ship's insurance of eighty thousand dollars seemed in no way excessive.

The method by which the owner had stood to gain by the ship's destruction had come to light only when it was learned that he was actually the ship's buyer at the original forced sale.

He was also the ship's buyer from himself at fifty thousand dollars and the corporation to which he had "sold" her for seventy-five thousand dollars—and from whom he had accepted seventy-five thousand dollar mortgage, insured in his favor.

Had the insurance been paid, he would thus have stood to profit by the difference between the four thousand seven hundred dollars for which he had bought the ship and the eighty thousand for which she was insured.

Reading the story, Henri felt a shock of disappointment. Surely no man would risk too closely paralleling an already recorded case of fraud?

Yet had Thomas Webber actually been all owners and also the mortgage holder of the Webber, he would have stood to profit by some hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars at her wrecking, or by the difference between the twenty-five thousand dollars for which she had originally been bought and the hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar mortgage for which she was insured.

In the smoky depths of the houseboat, Ma Combs' face beamed with delight as she hugged Henri's young shoulders. "Oh, am I glad to see you, boy! Did you see him?"

"He was away in his launch, madame. But I left a letter for him, telling him of your love," Henri said gently.

She sighed. "I guessed you'd told him that! Thank you . . . Thank you kindly. But what can he be running from, the poor little fellow? What can be the matter when he comes like a ghost in the night, ashamed even to talk to me?"

"You mean he came here and left some message, madame?"

"I reckon you could call it a message." She patted the packing-case-framed bed. "Set down, boy!"

Henri sat, noting the familiar shotgun by the companionway.

Seeing the direction of his glance, she said grimly: "They'll all get as good as they give if they ever bother me! Revenooers or zoning board—or Brother Webber! He was here last night asterin' me again to know where my poor little guy is at. I told him I wish I knew. Henri, I don't know how or if any of it ties, but it's Tom Webber has some of the police in his pocket. It's said he was in half the rackets here before he moved south and started his 'grand resort.'"

Rising to stand before her and look down at her gently, Henri said: "Madame, as you know, mystery is bitter, and Joseph and I also have a mystery of why Malcolm, our brother, did not come home. I try to say that I wish to ask you things that it may seem impertinent to ask. I dare because we both have a great trouble."

The sudden film of tears stood in her reddened eyes. "What you want to know, Henri?"

"What was your husband's work before he had the—difficulty that first took him from you? And what was the nature of the difficulty?"

"He was the best diver in

To page 43

The Pope's housekeeper

ONLY one woman on earth has access to the private quarters of Pope Pius XII in the Vatican City.

She is Mother Pasqualina, the nun who is the Pope's housekeeper.

Of all who live in the City, least is known about her. Nobody can guess her age, she cannot be photographed.

For the first time the Pope has opened the doors of the Vatican to a journalist and a photographer.

Their seven-page report is in the fortnightly A.M. now on sale.



Four taste-thrilling centres! Twelve finest-quality chocolates! "Fiesta"—the Mac. Robertson 1/4-lb. block that's different! Enjoy ripe cherries, whole almonds, milky coconut and pure garden honey. Enjoy "FIESTA"—today!



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VENCATACHELLUM
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CURRY POWDER

The Same Grand
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THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL RECIPE

CURRIED PRAWNS

2oz. butter, 1 pt. stock or gravy, 1 d/sp. chutney, 2 sm. onions, 1 d/sp. Worcester sauce, juice 1/2 lemon, 2 dz. prawns, 2 tsp. curry powder.

Fry chopped onions in butter until brown, then remove onions from the butter and rub the prawns through the curry and fry them till brown. Add enough stock to cover them, then add remainder of curry, return fried onion and stew gently for 10 minutes. Add sauce, chutney, lemon, and, if too dry, a little more stock, then cook for few more minutes and serve on a hot dish with a border of rice.

JUST ASK FOR "VENTS"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 22, 1953

Continuing

The Secret of the Purple Reefs

(from page 42)

let you go to him is not perhaps all danger. And I perhaps violate a trust in telling you this! It is that he was alone and the days were long and there was, I have learned through inquiry in the Isle of Palms, a Caribbean dance girl—who left him when better chance came—so that he cares now for two little children."

He ended, hesitating. "If he were as many men, he would leave them. But he is as you say, a good man. It is a very old story of lonely men."

She rose, and he thought her ugly face very beautiful as she reached up to hug him. "You big, gentle, young fool, thank you! Thank you, Henri! And it looks like he believed that letter you left him."

She beckoned and he followed her into the smaller cabin. In it, among the plump towheads, two small, brown-headed boys were sleeping. "They was the most of the message he left," Ma Combs said. "The rest was a note, 'They're mine, Ma! And God forgive me for the worse I done.'"

Henri said, "Madame, you are a good and great woman and I am proud to be called your friend!"

Whether he was somehow apprehensive of the clouded darkness that was alive, Henri did not know, but as he hurried toward the water front, his fears for Joseph and the Sea Lily became acute.

Very near the docks, a car passed him, coming from the docks and going fast, with one man in it. He could not be sure, but he thought the man in it was Thomas Webber.

Continuing along the way the car had come, he looked down the line of dock entrances, and some hundred feet from the dock he was about to enter, a group of perhaps twelve men were gathered under a light.

Henri believed that the man in the car had been with the

men under the light. One of them was now seemingly talking with the old watchman from his own dock. The others were looking in Henri's direction as if they had been waiting for him.

As he began the long run down the dark dock, glancing back as he ran, he saw the men come through the gate, running silently but somewhat clumsily, because several of them carried things that swung. Before him from the Sea Lily came the sweet tones of a flute. And as he landed on board in a flying jump, Joseph looked up, smiling in the cloud-dim night.

"I have had my nicest evening," Joseph said. Wonder touched his smile. "I never thought that I would own anything so beautiful." He realized that Henri's method of boarding was not normal. "What is it, Henri?"

"I think trouble is coming!" Henri said, breathing loudly as he swung into the cabin and reached for the shark rifle to find it gone. He called, "Joseph, where is the rifle?"

Joseph was at the companionway. "A police officer took it a little while ago. He was making a search for stolen weapons and said it would be returned." What is the matter, Henri?

"There are men coming down the wharf. I thought I saw M'sieur Webber leaving them," Henri said, grabbing up two small stout oars and jumping past Joseph to the deck.

On the dock, the shadowy shapes of the running men were almost to the launch. Whatever they carried occasionally clanked. Thrusting an oar into Joseph's hands, Henri swung on to the dock to plant himself before the baled fans.

Joseph, too, was on the dock,

saying, "They are doubtless crewmen from the ships."

Setting down what they carried, and still running, the group of men split up to form a roughly closing half-circle about the Christophers.

"Good evening, m'sieurs," Joseph began pleasantly. The men did not answer, but crouched, moving in purposefully.

Henri shouted, "Help me, Joseph!"

He charged, using his oar—an unexpectedly effective weapon. So that for a moment Henri produced astonished groans, oaths, and stambles.

Forced backward, he used the oar overhead as an edged club aimed at individually darting heads and shoulders. Trampling, grunting, and shouting echoed in the night. With a backward kick, Henri sent Aunt Caroline's wheeled chair into the bay.

On one of the ships far down the dock, a searchlight snapped on and flashlights winked. "Help, Joseph!" Henri shouted.

Joseph hesitated. And some six of the men darted in, their arms gripping him about the body and by the arms while fists beat his face and head. Henri glanced distractedly toward Joseph. And clutching, striking men were upon him, too.

Pulling violently backward, then hurling himself forward and down, Henri broke free, shouting, "Into the boat, Joseph! They mean to fire her!"

Bringing the oar blade down edgewise on the backs of those who beset Joseph, Henri got Joseph free. But between them and the launch were the men. Henri fought through them, but as Joseph stood with bowed head, offering no resistance, they were soon all over him, beating and kicking.

Henri struggled to reach the men who beset Joseph. Behind him there was a clinking sound

Beauty in brief:

Healthy teeth

By Carolyn Earle

● If you want to keep your own teeth longer it is well worth while to add another brief routine to regular tooth-brush drill.

YOUR dentist will tell you that a couple of minutes devoted to correct gum massage each day is beneficial to the health of your mouth.

Rotate the toothbrush gently from the gums down towards the biting surfaces of the teeth. This helps to massage the gums.

For maximum benefit this should be combined with light finger massage. Squeeze a little dentifrice on to the forefinger and gently rub it into the gum surfaces with a circular movement.

Go gently at first if gums are tender, and continue the massage all round upper and lower surfaces.

At no time should gum tissue be subjected to harsh brushing or massage, particularly around the gum margin, which is easily irritated.

of metal and of liquid pouring. From the Sea Lily sudden flame rose. In the wild glare a red-faced ship's officer shouted, "What goes here?"

From about the furiously burning launch, men scattered and ran, covering their faces. With a rain of final blows, those attacking the brothers also sprang up and darted away. But the Sea Lily was flaring like a torch. Staggering to his feet, Henri stood swaying and gasping for breath as he stared at her helplessly.

The ship's officer shouted, "Get down! The gas tanks!"

Stumblingly, Henri dropped to the planking of the wharf, putting his arm across Joseph's head. Under him, the great planks of the wharf shivered to the shock of twin explosions. A great ball of mushrooming smoke and fire shot upward, to fall as raining fire.

Gropingly, Henri beat out

fire on his clothing and on Joseph's clothes and hair. Wild light flickered from burning gasoline on the water. The ship's officer and his men were using a fire extinguisher on the fire.

As Henri got up again, only fire marked the place where the launch had been moored.

Joseph raised himself on an arm, his head drooping weakly. "Henri— are — you badly hurt?" he asked in an anguished voice.

"No!" Henri said, trembling with fury. "No! But the Sea Lily has gone, and we could have saved her if you would have fought!"

"I am sorry," Joseph mumbled. "One cannot hold a belief all one's life and abandon it when the first test comes, Henri!"

"Thus you have let the Sea Lily go!"

To page 45

MY COLD IS ALL GONE!

DIRECT 2-WAY RELIEF HELPS
NOSE, THROAT AND CHEST ALL AT ONE TIME!



Just rub it on!

YOUR CHILD gets a world of comfort when you rub him with Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Relief comes quickly—in two ways—to all the places where relief is needed!

WORKS DIRECT!

Through the nose →

Through the skin →



THEY LOVE IT!

1. WITH EVERY BREATH, VapoRub's soothing, medicinal vapours are inhaled—and clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat, calm coughing, all at the same time. And—

2. BABY'S CHEST feels warm and comfortable, too, as VapoRub works through the skin, eases tightness and "draws out" painful congestion.

CHILDREN LIKE being rubbed with VapoRub, they like the quick comfort, they like the swift double relief. Next morning, often, Baby's cold is "all gone!" Try it!



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These new Jantzens are based on the exciting fashions created by Jantzen overseas. Notice little details like the leather belts on skirts. See all the new American ways with pleats. Notice how Beutron buttons are used as an important accessory. So much fashion news plus so much meticulous workmanship makes Jantzen value-buying all along the line.

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HOW TO WAKE UP WELL



After a party, take a couple of QUICK-EZE when you go to bed. You'll wake up fit as a fiddle—no acid stomach, no heartburn, no party hangover! QUICK-EZE neutralises excess acidity in seconds, restores the digestive balance and soothes delicate stomach and intestinal linings. Keep a handy pack of QUICK-EZE by your bed.



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AND FEEL IT AS A FIDDLE

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Staisweet
Stays as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
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Continuing . . . The Secret of the Purple Reefs

[from page 43]

Lily be lost, thus Donremy may be lost, thus M'sieur Lator will not be paid! Had you but used the oar, we had held them off!" Henri shouted.

"How dared you betray us? With an enemy one may deal; with a traitor one cannot deal!"

Raising his hand, he struck Joseph flat-handed and resoundingly across the cheek. Joseph swayed, whitened, and stood quite still. Henri turned away and went furiously to the edge of the dock. Only little flicks of flame now rose among the piles.

Spraying the last fire, the ship's officer shouted above the confusion, "What happened?"

"It is a very long story—in part of an idiot!" Henri said through his teeth. "Forgive me, m'sieur; I am distraught!"

As the fire went out and the ship's crew crowded about him, he told of what had happened, ending, "Much happened quickly, but I recognised none of them. Whoever they were, had you not come, I think they meant to kill us."

"There've been beatings and fruit thrown in the bay," the ship's officer said, "but burning a boat—that's going pretty far! You boys can't think of any other reason? Anyone who could want to do you in, making it look like a banana fight?"

Henri hesitated. "Only one that is so unlikely that it could hardly be a reason. We have learned little of a lost ship, but to others it might seem that we have learned too much."

He pushed his hands against his head, attempting to think. The ship's doctor, a small, friendly man, was before him as he opened his eyes. Henri said dazedly, "Or it might all be a matter of another ship, the Webber!"

"Of course, of course," the doctor said. "Now we'll just stop the worst of this bleeding, then you come with me to the ship." He swabbed Henri's face and began to tape cuts.

Sympathetic small-boat owners and sailors crowded the dock, advancing theories as they jammed the wharf edge where a coastguard cutter was playing searchlights on the water where the Sea Lily had vanished; men shouted, floodlights blazed. The doctor hurried in his kit for more adhesive tape.

"The telephone," Henri said, and left through the chattering crowds toward the wharf sheds. Unable to find him, the little doctor spied Joseph, who was holding to a hoist with his head on his arm.

Men pressed more closely as the coastguard cutter began to fish for the Sea Lily. General and angry suspicion of the banana men filled the crowd. Chains rattled and winches squealed.

"Ah, there you are!" the ship's doctor said exasperatedly some ten minutes later, as Henri staggered from the telephone booth to the dock. "Now if you'll come with me to the ship, we'll patch you up."

Holding to the door frame, Henri looked past him down the dock, on which the crowd still thickened by the moment as further groups of men arrived from the street. Through the running men, running lightly, his gold head shining under the floodlights, came Thomas Webber. He ran with an extraordinary grace and his pale face was intent.

"M'sieur le docteur, I cannot be treated now. I have one to talk to," Henri mumbled. Thrusting through the thicker

crowd by the dock edge, Thomas Webber came quickly toward the shed. Recognising Henri, he stood very still for an instant while the unreadable expression passed in the depths of his pale eyes.

"Tough luck, Franchie!" Thomas Webber said slowly. "Who did it? The banana boys? I warned you to watch out for them!"

"Tough luck," as you say, m'sieur," Henri said through adhesive tape. "But we are not, as perhaps was intended, dead as the seeming victims of a waterfront beating. Perhaps we grow too 'hot' in the matter of lost ships!"

He stared between ridiculously swollen eyelids at Thomas Webber. "It was even my thought, m'sieur, that I saw you near the docks just before the men attacked us."

"I've been playing gin rummy in the hotel up there since seven o'clock," Webber said, coolly returning the stare. "I came down here when we heard the explosion and there was a news flash that a launch, believed to be the Sea Lily, of Home Island, had been blown up."

"Nothing broken in the ankle," the doctor said. "Now I want to take another look at your brother's jaw." He relocated Joseph.

"If I did not know that I might be wrong, you might not now be alive, m'sieur," Henri said. "But lest I am not, a wise and kind friend who was once a Chair of the Room of Lloyd's has just suggested via the long telephone that you be informed, m'sieur, that he has placed the question of the true identity of the steamship Webber's varied owners and of her mortgage holder in the hands of his attorneys to learn if, perchance, all owners who followed the Government and also the last mortgage holder might prove to be the one man."

"My own thought had been that no man planning the throwing away of a ship would risk so close a repetition of a recorded fraud. But our friend differs, contending it might well be risked could the loss of the second ship be made to seem unquestionably an act of Nature. If the ship were, let

us say, sunk in hurricane, m'sieur!"

In the wildly changing lights, Thomas Webber's face was still, but his lids had narrowed. "Congratulations on your imagination, Franchie! But do you know that too much imagination can make trouble for little men?"

"Perhaps, m'sieur. But should all owners of the Webber have been in fact one man, there was much money on the Purple Reefs as the Webber lay there. And how our brother might have endangered possession of this I do not know . . ."

Watching Thomas Webber, he pressed what might be advantage or absurdity. "But I have also had the thought, m'sieur, that no man in the Isle of Palms saw our brother. They saw only the ship. I have reasoned, 'Might our brother have been dead before the ship touched at the Isle of Palms?'"

"Suppose it if you like, Franchie!" Thomas Webber said as his lips smiled. "You'd still have those who had possession of the Christophe taking such a fool's risk no fool would believe they'd take it! Anywhere on the long approaches to the Isle of Palms the ship could have been stopped—by a Coast Guard cutter, by a naval craft, by a fish boat or a sponge boat or a dinghy."

He mocked, "The ship was known in the Caribbean, Franchie, so that it would have been, 'Where is kind Captain Malcolm Christophe?' It wouldn't have worked, Franchie! And even if your little pirates had taken the risk of bringing her into the Isle of Palms, what do they do afterwards? How was your ship sunk without oil slick? And 'til you answer that, you're right out of luck, Franchie! Right out of luck!"

His expression changed to the hatred born of rage. "And remember, Franchie, it doesn't pay to make an enemy of Thomas Webber! Anyone who tries to hurt him, gets hurt!"

"Remember also, m'sieur, that the tracing of anything of fraud in the story of the steamship Webber cannot now be stopped by anything that might befall Joseph or myself—and that very many men know that you might have reason to wish that something befall Joseph and myself. Therefore, it might be well that nothing more befall us, m'sieur!"

To be concluded



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PRIZE RECIPES FORM A MENU

Recipes which win prizes this week form a pleasant week-end meal when combined.

POTATO and tomato chowder, which wins the main prize of £5, is almost a meal in itself.

When there's a nip in the air and the family come in shivery from outdoor sport, a bowl of chowder will be most welcome.

Follow it with fried rabbit sandwiches or cheese fondue. A hot velvet makes a happy ending to a good meal. All three recipes win consolation prizes.

For your next special luncheon party serve gateau princesse, another consolation prize-winner. It is a simple affair with a "dressed-up" appearance.

All spoon measurements are level.

AUTUMN CHOWDER

Two cups diced potatoes, 1 cup chopped onion, 4 cup diced celery, 2 to 3 teaspoons salt, 1 pint hot water, 4 table-spoons shortening, 4 table-spoons flour, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 cups milk, 1 table-spoon chopped parsley, 1 cup cooked or tinned tomatoes, grated cheese.

Cook potatoes, onion, celery in hot water until potatoes are tender. Melt shortening, stir in flour, cook 2 to 3 minutes without browning. Add salt, pepper, mustard, Worcestershire sauce, and milk. Stir until boiling, add potato mixture with parsley and tomatoes. Serve piping hot, topped with cheese.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. N. Fisher, 48 Cuthbert Road, Inverloch N.19, Vic.

FRIED RABBIT SANDWICHES

One small cooked rabbit, 2 table-spoons white sauce or tomato puree, butter or substitute, 1oz. good shortening, 1 sandwich loaf bread, salt, pepper.

Miss Precious Minutes



COTTON-FOOL will be kept clean and free from dust if placed in a box which has a slit in the lid. Fasten the lid with adhesive tape.

UMBRELLAS should be drained handle-end down so that water won't settle on the ribs and rust them.

A **PIECE** of dried orange rind kept in the tea canister will add a fine flavor to the tea.

COVER the bottom of a hot saucepan with water and add a small onion cut up. Bring to the boil, and boil for about 10 minutes.



GATEAU PRINCESSE tastes as good as it looks. Serve it for "special occasions." See consolation prize-winning recipe.

Mince rabbit meat finely. Mix with white sauce or tomato puree, salt and pepper. Slice bread thinly, spread with butter, sandwich with rabbit mixture. Stack sandwiches, remove crusts, cut into quarters. Wrap in a damp cloth, press between two plates for 1 hour. Melt shortening in pan, fry sandwiches on both sides. Serve hot with sliced tomato.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss E. Lawrie, 37 Winchester Street, St. Peters, S.A.

GATEAU PRINCESSE

Twelve lemon-flavored wafer biscuits, small quantity icing, one 7in. layer plain cake or sponge (3in. thick), 1 pkt. line or pineapple jelly crystals, scant cup boiling water, 1 cup chopped, cooked, or preserved pineapple, whipped cream, cherries and ribbon to decorate.

Cut 6 small strips from sides of cake and arrange 6 wafer biscuits around. Place remaining 6 on top and join together, and to cake, with icing. Allow to set. Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water, cool. When cold, beat until fluffy and thickened. Add pineapple, spoon on to cake in biscuit shape. Chill until set.

Decorate with cream, cherries, and ribbon.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss K. Bradley, 680 Willoughby Road, Willoughby, N.S.W.

CHEESE FONDUE

One slice stale bread, 1 pint milk, 1oz. butter, 3oz. grated cheese, 2 eggs, salt, pepper.

Boil milk, add butter, pour over crumbled bread, beat well. When cool, beat in cheese, egg-yolks, salt and pepper. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Bake in greased ovenware dish in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes, until set and lightly browned. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. J. Tschirp, Box 113, Pinnaroo, S.A.

APRICOT VELVET

One pint milk, 1 junket tablet, 3 table-spoons sugar, vanilla, 1 teaspoon water, 1 egg-white, preserved apricots.

Place a layer of chopped apricots in 4 or 5 sweet dishes. Prepare junket in usual way, using milk, 1 table-spoon of the sugar, vanilla, and junket tablet dissolved in water. Pour over apricots, allow to set. Beat egg-white stiffly with balance of sugar. Fold in 1/3rd cup mashed apricots, pile on to junket. Decorate with apricot halves and chopped walnuts.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Hawkes, Box 12, Bairnsdale, E. Gippsland, Vic.

SAFETY BELT FOR BABY

By Sister Mary Jacob, Our Mothercraft Nurse

WHEN a baby is able to wriggle free of bed-clothes, crawl around the cot, or pull himself up on his feet, when he should be sleeping, he needs a safety belt to keep him warm and snug.

Our Mothercraft Service Bureau recommends a safe, useful, restraining belt which will prevent a baby sitting up or standing in the cot.

Full instructions for making the belt, which takes only 14yds. of strong cotton material, and other useful nursery hints are given in a leaflet that can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. A stamped, addressed envelope should be sent with the request.

Mothers! Don't let to-day's high food costs rob your family of precious vitamins!



ONE 4 OZ. JAR OF VEGEMITE CONTAINS MORE OF THE VITAMIN "B" GROUP THAN ALL THESE FOODS PUT TOGETHER!



And, because Vegemite is a pure yeast extract, it is richer in Vitamin B1 than any vegetable extract sold in Australia.

MAKE UP THOSE LOST VITAMINS WITH VEGEMITE!

Doing without "this" staple food... buying less of "that" means that Australian families are losing more and more of the strengthening Vitamin B group from their diets! Add up the cost of those foods above! See how much you'd have to spend to give your families the same amount of the Vitamin "B" group as you get from a 4 oz. jar of Vegemite! What a delicious,

economical way to make up those lost vitamins!

The secret of Vegemite's richness lies in the fact that Vegemite is a pure concentrated yeast extract... not an ordinary vegetable extract. Yeast is the richest known natural source of the precious Vitamin B group... Vitamin B1, B2 and Niacin... all of which keep you and your entire family strong and

healthy. Your body cannot store Vitamins B1, B2 or Niacin — it must have a daily supply of these essential vitamins. So put Vegemite on your table for every family meal! Delicious for all kinds of sandwiches, snacks and breakfast — on toast, or under a poached egg. Vegemite also adds flavour and vitamins to cooked vegetables, soups, stews, gravies and casseroles.

WHAT THE VITAMIN "B" GROUP MEANS TO YOUR FAMILY

RIGHT AMOUNT...

Vitamin B1
Healthy nerves.
Strength and stability.

Vitamin B2
Firm, clear tissues.
Healthy eyes.

Niacin
Good digestion.
Clear skin... healthy "skin tone."

TOO LITTLE...

Vitamin B1
Irritability and neuritis.
Fatigue, loss of weight.

Vitamin B2
Mouth ulcers, sore lips.
Eye irritations.

Niacin
Digestive troubles.
Skin complaints.



Available in 2, 4 and 6 oz. sizes and the family economy sizes of 8 and 16 ounces.

RICHEST IN VITAMIN B1
RICHEST IN FLAVOUR
LOWEST IN COST

VEGEMITE
MADE BY KRAFT

Keep 'em Happy with

Kia-ora

Enjoy these two quick, nourishing, flavour-filled recipes

KIA-ORA SPAGHETTI SEA-PIE

- 1 tin Kia-ora Spaghetti
- 2 breakfast cups minced cold meat
- 1 minced onion
- 1 teaspoon mixed herbs
- 1 cup of stock, or water in which 1 teaspoon meat extract is dissolved

Cook meat, onion, herbs and stock over low heat, stirring occasionally, for 5 minutes. Turn into greased pie dish. Top with spaghetti and dried breadcrumbs. Bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes.



KIA-ORA CREAMY BAKED BEANS

- 1 16-oz. tin Kia-ora Baked Beans
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 tablespoon Chilli or Worcester Sauce
- 1 teaspoon minced onion
- 2 ozs. grated processed cheese

Mix all ingredients in 1-quart casserole and bake in moderate oven (350° gas, 400° electric) for approximately 20 minutes.

3 handy sizes: 4, 8, and 16 ozs. Shop and Save at the "Kia-ora Pantry" at your local grocer's.



3 handy sizes: 4, 8 and 16 oz.



Shop and Save at the "Kia-ora Pantry" at your local grocer's



Glazed fruit fillings in crisp, individual tartlet shells make a dessert to look forward to and remember.

FRESH or tinned fruits filled into pastry-cases and topped with a thin layer of syrup glaze make a delicious dessert.

TAKE YOUR PICK

By
**OUR FOOD AND
COOKERY EXPERTS**

HEARTY, fruit-filled dessert-sized tartlets are a fine finish for any meal. Choose whichever filling you like, prepare the tartlets early in the day and serve them thoroughly chilled.

Biscuit pastry is a delicious casing for fruit or creamy-type fillings. Well-made shortcrust is more economical. It can be made quite successfully without an egg (a point to be considered when eggs are scarce or expensive).

Tinned fruits, sparkling under a sweet glaze, make the quickest and easiest filling, but fresh fruits may be used when they are in season.

If you are short of individual pie-tins for making the large size tartlets, individual patty-tins (the type used for making deep patty cakes) may be used.

Cut rounds of pastry large enough to fit over the outside of the patty-tins. Place pastry over each patty-tin, pleating at the top edge of the tin to draw the pastry in to the right size. Stand upside down on oven tray and bake in the usual way. When cooked, carefully turn right way up and gently remove patty-tin from inside the pastry-case.

There are times when it is not convenient to fill pastry-cases with either fresh or tinned fruits. For such occasions take your pick of the smooth, creamy cold fillings suggested on this page.

All spoon measurements are level.

GLAZED FRUIT TARTLETS

Six ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, tinned peaches, plums, sliced pineapple, white grapes, cherries, pear halves, apricots, fruit cocktail, or any berry fruits or any fresh fruit in season, 1 cup syrup from tinned fruit or home-cooked fruit, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 3 teaspoons arrowroot, 2 tablespoons cold water.

Roll pastry thinly on floured board, cut into large circles and line individual-size pie-tins. Pinch edges into flutes or decorate with a fork or tip of a teaspoon. Brush with water or egg-white, sprinkle lightly with sugar. Prick base of each tart well with a fork. Bake in hot oven until lightly browned. Allow to become quite cold. Fill with tinned or home-cooked fruit, well drained free of syrup. Place syrup into small saucepan, add butter and lemon juice. When hot, stir in arrowroot blended with cold water and continue stirring until mixture is clear and thick. Allow to cool slightly, then with a teaspoon trickle a thin film of the thickened syrup over the fruit in each tartlet case. Allow to become quite cold before serving.

BISCUIT PASTRY

Four ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 4oz. shortening, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 2 or 3 tablespoons milk.

Sift dry ingredients. Rub in shortening. Add sugar, mix to a dry dough with beaten egg-yolk and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly; roll to size and shape required.

SHORTCRUST

Four ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4oz. good shortening, squeeze of lemon juice, 4 tablespoons water.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening. Mix to a dry dough with lemon juice and water. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, and roll to size and shape required.

If pastry is so short that it tends to break, try this easy way of lining a tart-plate. Roll the pastry lightly around the rolling-pin, lift on to one edge of the tart-plate, and carefully unroll, so that the pastry rests in the tart-plate.

ALMOND CRUMB FILLING

One and a quarter cups milk, 2 dessertspoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 3 dessertspoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stale cake crumbs, 2 tablespoons ground almonds or marzipan meal.

Blend cornflour with some of the milk, add balance of milk, butter, and sugar. Stir until boiling. Simmer 3 minutes, allow to cool. Fold in cake crumbs and marzipan meal. Fill into tartlet cases when cold. This is very delicious if a little cooked apple pulp or well-drained crushed pineapple is first placed in the base of the tartlet case.

MOCHA MARSHMALLOW FILLING

Half-pound marshmallows, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, 1 dessertspoon cocoa.

Blend cocoa smoothly with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the hot water, add coffee essence and lemon juice. Place marshmallows into saucepan with balance of

hot water and melt over low heat. Turn into basin, stir in cocoa, coffee essence, and lemon juice. When beginning to thicken beat until light and fluffy and dropping very thickly from a spoon. Fill into tartlet cases.

CHOCOLATE CREAM FILLING

Two dessertspoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 or 3 tablespoons sugar (according to taste), 2oz. grated dark chocolate or 2 tablespoons cocoa, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt.

Melt butter or substitute, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without allowing to brown. Add milk and sugar, stir until mixture boils and thickens. Add grated chocolate or cocoa blended to a smooth paste with extra milk. Beat until smooth and well mixed. Add vanilla and salt, allow to become quite cold before using.

APPLE AND LEMON FLUFF TART

One cooked and cooled 9in. tart-case (made with biscuit pastry or shortcrust), small quantity of apricot jam, 1 cup cooked apple pulp (well drained free of syrup), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ packet lemon jelly crystals, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup icing sugar.

Spread base of tart-case very thinly with apricot jam. Heat apple pulp, add lemon rind and butter, mix well until butter has melted. When cold, fill into tart-case. Soak jelly crystals in the cold water for 5 minutes. Place in saucepan, bring to the boil and cook very gently 10 minutes. When almost cold, beat with sifted icing sugar until very thick and quite cold. Fill into tart.

Gay little caps and gloves

Flattering, head-hugging caps trimmed with pompons or tassels and worn with matching gloves are favorites this winter. Directions for knitting them are given below.

FISHERMAN'S CAP

Materials.—3oz. Paton's Beehive Fingering 4-ply Patonised, shade No. 11, blue. Set of four No. 11 knitting needles.

Cast on 156 sts. (52 on each of three needles).

1st Round.—* K 2, p 2, rep. from * to end of round.

2nd Round.—K 1, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 3 sts. of round, p 2, k 1. Rep. these 2 rounds for 64in.

Proceed as follows:

1st Round.—K 2 tog., p 2 tog., work in patt. to last 4 sts. of round, k 2 tog., p 2 tog.

2nd Round.—Work in patt. to end of round.

3rd Round.—P 2 tog., k 2 tog., work in patt. to last 4 sts. of round, p 2 tog., k 2 tog.

4th Round.—Work in patt. to end of round.

Repeat last 4 rounds until 12 sts. rem., adjusting stitches on three needles as decreasing progresses.

Break off thread, run end through rem. sts., draw up, and fasten off securely.

TO MAKE UP

Press carefully with warm iron and damp cloth. Turn back 1in. hem around cap and slip-stitch on wrong side. Turn over point, fasten to cap, and attach 4 tassels.

POMPON CAP

Materials.—2oz. Paton's Beehive Fingering 4-ply Patonised, shade No. 19, red; small quantity of shade No. 51, white; 1 set of four No. 11 knitting needles.

Cast on 150 sts. (50 on each of three needles). Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 74in.

Next Round.—* Rib 13, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round.

Next Round.—* Rib 12, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of

round. Cont. working 1 st. less between each dec. on every round until 20 sts. rem.

In Next Round.—* K 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round. Break off wool, run end through rem. sts., draw up, and fasten off securely.

TO MAKE UP

Press carefully with warm iron and damp cloth. Turn back a hem 2in. wide round edge of cap and slip-stitch on wrong side. Using white wool, make a pompon and attach to top of cap.

THE GLOVES

Materials.—2oz. Paton's Beehive Fingering 3-ply Patonised, shade No. 19, red; small quantity of shade No. 51, white; 1 pair No. 13 knitting needles.

RIGHT GLOVE

** Cast on 78 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1, dec. once each end of 1st and every alt. row until 52 sts. rem.

Next Row. Purl.



STYLED like a fisherman's cap, this one can be knitted in an evening.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row.—* K 1, w. fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row.—Purl, dec. once at beg. of row. Work 10 rows in plain, smooth fabric **.

13th Row.—K 27, inc. once in next st., k 23.

14th and Alt. Rows.—Purl.

15th Row.—K 27, (inc. once in next st.) twice, k 23.

17th Row.—Knit.

19th Row.—K 27, inc. once in next st., k 2, inc. once in next st., k 23.

21st Row.—Knit.

23rd Row.—K 27, inc. once in next st., k 4, inc. once in next st., k 23.

25th Row.—Knit.

27th Row.—K 27, inc. once in next st., k 6, inc. once in next st., k 23.

Cont. in this manner, inc. once at each side of thumb in every 4th row until there are 68 sts. on needle. Work 3 rows without shaping.

Thumb.—In Next Row: K 45, turn.

In Following Row.—P 17, cast on 3 sts., turn. Work 26 rows on these 20 sts. (length of thumb and fingers may be varied to suit individual requirements.)

Proceed as follows:

1st Row.—(K 4, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l.) twice, k 4.

2nd Row.—Purl.

3rd Row.—K 3, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 2, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 3. Break off wool, run end through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off securely. With right side of work facing, knit up 3 sts. from 3 cast-on sts. at base of thumb and knit across rem. 23 sts. (thus working all sts. on to one needle). Work 11 rows without shaping.

First Finger.—In Next Row: Knit plain to last 18 sts., turn.

In Following Row.—P 16, cast on 3 sts., turn. Work 28 rows on these 19 sts.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row.—K 2, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 3, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 2.

2nd Row.—Purl.

3rd Row.—K 1, (k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 1) twice. Break off wool, run end through rem. sts., draw up, and fasten off securely.

Second Finger.—With right side of work facing, knit up 3 sts. from 3 cast-on sts. at base of first finger, k 6, turn, p 16, cast on 3 sts., turn.

Work 32 rows on these 19 sts. Dec. and finish off as given for first finger.

Third Finger.—With right side of work facing, knit up 3 sts. from 3 cast-on sts. at base of second finger, k 6, turn, p 15, cast on 3 sts., turn. Work 28 rows on these 18 sts.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row.—K 1, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 4, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 1.

2nd Row.—Purl.

3rd Row.—K 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 2, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., t.b.l. Finish off as given for first finger.

Fourth Finger.—With right side of work facing, knit up 3 sts. from 3 cast-on sts. at base of third finger, k 6.

In Next Row.—P 16, Work 22 rows on these 16 sts.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row.—(K 2, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., t.b.l.) twice, k 2.

2nd Row.—Purl.

3rd Row.—K 1, (k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., t.b.l.) twice, k 1. Finish off as given for first finger.

LEFT GLOVE

Work as given from ** to ** for right glove. Proceed as follows:

1st Row.—K 22, inc. once in next st., k 28.

2nd and Alternate Rows.—Purl.

3rd Row.—K 22, (inc. once in next st.) twice, k 28.

5th Row.—Knit.



LITTLE KNITTED CAPS that frame the face and sit tight and snug in wind and rain. Make both styles and wear them with matching gloves. You'll find them easy to make.

7th Row.—K 22, inc. once in next st., k 2, inc. once in next st., k 28.

9th Row.—Knit.

11th Row.—K 22, inc. once in next st., k 4, inc. once in next st., k 28. Cont. inc. once each side of thumb in every 4th row until there are 68 sts. on needle.

Work 3 rows without shaping.

Thumb.—In Next Row: K 40, cast on 3 sts., turn.

In Following Row.—P 20, turn. Cont. as given for thumb of right glove. With right side of work facing, knit up 3 sts. from 3 cast-on sts. at base of thumb, then knit across 28 sts. Work 11 rows without shaping.

First Finger.—In Next Row: K 34, cast on 3 sts., turn.

In Following Row.—P 19, turn. Cont. as given for first finger of right glove.

Second Finger.—With right side of work facing, knit up 3 sts. from cast-on sts. at base of first finger, k 7, cast on 3 sts., turn.

In Next Row.—P 18, turn. Cont. as given for third finger of right hand glove.

Fourth Finger.—With right side of work facing, knit up 3 sts. from cast-on sts. at base of third finger, k 7.

In Next Row.—P 16. Cont. as given for fourth finger of right glove.

TO MAKE UP

Press carefully. Sew up thumb, finger, and side seams. Make a length of cord with white wool and thread through holes at wrist. Finish off with pompons.

MORE ACTIVE FULL-STRENGTH CHLOROPHYLL IN KOLYNOS

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Kolynos with Chlorophyll tones up tender gums and reduces tooth decay. It destroys mouth odours

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Today, buy your large or medium size tube of Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll. Get more Chlorophyll protection — the KOLYNOS way.



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A Betty King Recipe Feature



Noted Home Economist
of World Brands Pty. Ltd.



Make these tempting cream-filled biscuits for 1/10 a lb.

The creamy Copha filling keeps them crisp for weeks! Here's something absolutely NEW—a home-made cream-filled biscuit that stays crisp . . . and saves you up to 1/2 a lb! Imagine dainty shortbread—light and crunchy as only Copha can make them—with a “professional” cream filling in a range of 7 flavours. Imagine the thrill of making these beautiful biscuits. (They're no trouble at all with Copha's easy mixing method.) But don't JUST imagine it—surprise your favourite family with a batch of them today!

IMPORTANT! It is important to use Copha for this exciting filling, because most shortenings contain moisture, which would soften your biscuits. Copha is ALL shortening—pure and moisture-free.

CARNIVAL CREAMS

3 ozs. Copha, 3 ozs. sugar, 1 egg, 7 ozs. (1½ cups) self-raising flour, ½ level teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon essence.

SIFT flour and salt.

CHOP Copha roughly and melt over gentle heat. It should be barely warm (test with fingertip).

POUR melted Copha onto sugar, essence, egg and half the flour. Beat 2 minutes.

ADD remaining flour, mixing to a dry dough. Roll thinly on a floured board and cut into shapes. Bake on greased slides in a moderate

oven (350°F) 10-12 minutes.

JOIN when cold with Copha Cream Filling and store in airtight containers.

COPHA CREAM FILLING

2 ozs. softened Copha, 5 level tablespoons sifted icing sugar, colouring and flavouring. Blend icing sugar into Copha. Add flavouring and any desired colouring, but no other liquid. Keep warm while using.

Flavouring Suggestions: vanilla, cocoa, instant coffee, orange or lemon rind, raspberry or strawberry essence.



Good Cooks choose Continental because it tastes home-made!

People who enjoy Chicken Noodle Soup (and who doesn't?) serve Continental brand, not only because it saves them time and money but because they can really *taste* that chicken. They love its wonderful convenience (4 big bowls in 7 minutes), they love its generous bonus of egg-noodles, but most of all they love its home-made flavour. *Have you discovered Continental yet?*

You're sure of the products recommended by BETTY KING

Continental Brand Chicken Noodle Soup, Copha, Mellah Dessert, Lipton Tea.

Address all correspondence to Betty King, Box 2625, G.P.O., Sydney

LIFE-LONG SUFFERERS

win free from humiliating misery of

CATARRH BRONCHITIS

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, SINUS AND ANTRUM INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS

All over the world men, women and children are making a wonderful discovery. A few drops of Lantigen 'B' Dissolved Oral Vaccine, taken just like ordinary medicine, is the quick, safe, easy way to win free from the distressing misery of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Sinus and Antrum Infections and Recurrent Colds. Reports from users everywhere—in many cases lifelong sufferers—provide evidence of lasting relief after other treatments had failed! Read these dramatic letters from chronic sufferers all over the world that prove the amazing success of Lantigen 'B'.

Amazing Reports from all over World!



BRONCHIAL ASTHMA... "I am a sufferer of Asthma. I took Lantigen 'B' when on the third bottle I found relief. I had no Asthma for over twelve months."—K.P., Perth, West Australia.

CATARRH... "I have been a sufferer of Catarrh for over 30 years... I decided to give Lantigen a trial... I bless the day I did... The Catarrh has almost gone right out of my system... it is nothing short of marvellous... I would have been glad to have paid 20 times the price asked."—A.F.S., Wallingstone, England.

BRONCHITIS... "I first tried Lantigen 'B' for my small son aged 26 months. He used to get Bronchitis... It had a wonderfully beneficial effect; we were absolutely delighted, as he never has a sign of the complaint now and looks the picture of health."—A.W.W., Queensland.

CATARRH... "I have derived considerable benefit from the use of Lantigen 'B' for Catarrh."—D.W., South Australia.

RECURRENT COLDS... "About nine months ago I was advised to try Lantigen 'B'. I did so and from that time I have not since contracted one of my customary heavy colds."—L. Van der S., Gampola, Ceylon.

CATARRH... "I have benefited greatly by taking Lantigen 'B' for my Catarrh."—S.M., Victoria.

BRONCHITIS... "I suffered for years due to Bronchitis—sitting up in bed at night coughing and spluttering. Then I tried Lantigen 'B' and now I'm glad to say I am free."—J.L., Glasgow, Scotland.



CATARRH... "I have taken a full course of your Lantigen 'B' and it will be about 4 or 5 weeks since I ceased taking it, but it has now rendered my Catarrh, which was severe, quite negligible now."—B.G.C., Farnfield, England.

RECURRENT COLDS... "From childhood I was a constant sufferer of chest troubles commonly called colds... My doctor advised me to take a course of Lantigen 'B' before commencement of winter, which I have carried out, and can honestly say I have never had the sign of a cold for twelve years."—E.R., Sydney, N.S.W.

CATARRH... "I have just completed a course of Lantigen 'B' and my Catarrh has almost disappeared."—M.L.M., West Tamar, Tasmania.

SINUS... "I suffered from Sinus trouble for years, and contracted colds or 'flu with the slightest change in the weather... I tried a bottle of Lantigen 'B'. That was 4 years ago and now I would not even fear a 'bubonic plague'."—H.L., Bankstown, N.S.W.

CATARRH... "I am now on my second bottle of Lantigen 'B'... I cannot explain what it has done for me. I feel a new world has opened for me. The head noises have decreased, nerves in better condition... sleep comes to me easily. I cannot praise it enough."—L.V.J., Ontario, Canada.

Ask your Chemist today for

Lantigen 'B'

ORAL VACCINE

taken just like ordinary medicine for
CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, ANTRUM & SINUS INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS

OVER 3,000,000 BOTTLES OF LANTIGEN SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!

★ For RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO and FIBROSITIS — take **LANTIGEN 'C'**... taken just like ordinary medicine — Ask at your Chemist

Strengthen TIRED BLOOD with the NEW amazing **EDINBURGH TONIC**

SEE YOUR CHEMIST

CATARRHAL POISONS INFECT YOUR TISSUES AND SAP YOUR VITALITY!



LIKE A DRIPPING TAP!

Catarrhal poisons infect your entire system, causing splitting headaches, blocked-up nasal passages, racking coughs, congestion in nose, throat and chest, catarrhal indigestion and dyspepsia. Lantigen 'B', taken just like ordinary medicine, stimulates the natural healing power of the system to produce what are called antibodies. These antibodies are the natural antidotes to germ infection. They neutralise the germ poisons, reduce inflammation and thus clear up congestion, end aching catarrhal headaches, clear stuffy nasal passages and thereby restore general good health and sound sleep.

HOW LANTIGEN CAN HELP YOU IF YOU SUFFER FROM...

- COMMON COLDS: Lantigen 'A' quickly relieves distressing symptoms; helps to promote long-term immunity.
- RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS: Lantigen 'C' is the proved treatment for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and Fibrositis.
- BOILS AND PIMPLES: Lantigen 'D' clears up embarrassing skin complaints without painful injections.
- HAY FEVER: Lantigen 'E' is proved successful in even the most long-standing cases.

COLDS & CATARRH

"I purchased a bottle of Lantigen 'B' in Sydney in October, 1942, just before I returned to England after service in the Pacific and Far East. Previous to taking Lantigen 'B' I had frequent head colds and catarrh, never being free from either every winter. After leaving Australia, I served in the Arctic, Baltic and Atlantic in all weathers up to 1943. As one period I was the only man free from cold on my ship, a fisheries protection cruiser. The winter of 1947 was very severe. After leaving the R.N. I was employed in two large London hospitals. I never even had a 'cough' when all around had influenza and were dying from it. I owed my Lantigen and have told many of my friends of its value. I had my value in seven years free from colds and catarrh."—V.A.O., Beute Park, Tas.

Continuing

Stop That Marriage

from page 10

So Sam got a hammer and chisel and screw-driver and tried to take off the legs.

It was an awfully hot day and we all sweated like pigs and one of the cops brought us four cokes. You ever hear of such a thing in your life? It was becoming a neighborhood shindig.

Sam got off three of the legs, but the fourth, instead of being screwed on, was nailed on with a giant spike and he broke the wooden leg getting it off.

We were able to get the couch inside the first door and a cheer went up from the crowd. Then they groaned because the wooden banister blocked it. The old man with the shoulders asked Sam what he was going to do now.

Sam got the landlord and told him the situation and asked permission to saw down the section of the banister. He let out an awful yell. Sam said he'd pay a carpenter to put it back again. So Sam called a carpenter who said he'd do it for thirty dollars. It's better, said Sam, than losing a three hundred and twenty-five dollar couch.

So the carpenter sawed away the section of banister and the four of us nearly broke our backs moving the couch up the three wooden steps and then we were stuck again. A whole section of wall blocked us by about a three-inch width, where we had to make a turn to the right to get to the door.

"Well," said the old boy with the shoulders, wiping his sweating face, "I guess that's that. You can't get it in."

Sam stared at the wall. "We'll knock down the wall," he said, sticking out his jaw. "I'll call a plasterer and find out how much it will cost."

In about fifteen minutes a plasterer came down and said he would do it for one hundred dollars. "Go ahead," said Sam. "Now wait a minute," said this old fellow, very disgusted. "It isn't worth it. You . . ."

Sam interrupted. "I like this couch," he said. "I've got an affection for it. I'm sticking to it. Anyway, it's still worth three hundred and twenty-five dollars."

So the plasterer knocked down the wall and when we pulled it around the turn we found we couldn't get it past the next wall because of a huge overhead pipe that carried steam or something.

Sam stared at the pipe for about five minutes and then he said, "Does anybody want to buy a couch?"

It really looked like after all that expense and trouble he was sunk. We all felt pretty bad about it. While we sat down on the steps feeling bad about it Sam went down the block to the corner where there was an upholsterer's shop and came back with the owner.

Sam asked him if there was any way of removing the sections so that it would get in. The upholsterer said no. It was too solid. Because it was a bed

too, the inside were steel bars tried to sell it to the upholsterer and was offered fifty dollars.

"Take it," said the old man with the shoulders. "Son, you've got to learn to take your defeats."

"No," said Sam, very mad. "It's worth three hundred and twenty-five dollars. It's only six months old. I'll advertise for sale."

We all looked at one another. We knew nobody would buy a secondhand couch-bed. When it comes to sleeping, people want a new bed.

We struggled with the couch and brought it outside again and the crowd was still hanging around. There was a hard look on Sam's face. He squatted on his heels and tried to think. I felt sorry for the kid.

Then he stood up and asked if anybody had anything while they wanted to swap only because of his being unable to get the couch inside the flat.

The plasterer who knocked down the wall said he'd take the couch in payment and throw in a practically new outboard motor worth at least ninety dollars.

Sam grabbed his hand and shook it. It was a deal. The crowd laughed and cheered. Then Sam, beginning to grin again, stood up again and asked who had what to swap for an outboard motor.

Mr. McBranty, that kid in an awfully game boy. He can take it. He said the outboard motor to the old boy that practically broke his back helping us carry the couch around. And he got one hundred dollars for it.

Frankly, Mr. McBranty, we're very glad the marriage went through. We were pretty surprised when the old boy with the shoulders turned out to be Mr. Breckenbridge and we think it was a wonderful way for him to get acquainted with Sam.

The wedding took place at 6 p.m., July 30, 1952.

Smitty and I were witnesses. Signed, Holloway and Smithson.

Gilbert Breckenbridge, Associates, Toronto, Ont August 1, 1952.

Fred Brooke, Brooke Contracting Company, N.Y. City.

Dear Fred,—I am back in Toronto. As you probably know by now from the reports from McBranty, I found Sam a kid with plenty of courage and stick-to-it-ness. I like his spirit and very happy my daughter isn't married to some mummy-pammy who inherited his money from his old man.

I've been rather hard on you so, as an apology I am sending you a little gift I picked up in a rather peculiar way. It's an outboard motor, in very good condition. Accept it with my apologies. Sincerely, Gilbert Breckenbridge.

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OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address: Box 4060 G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.



PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F2489.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make shortie evening coat. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/-.

F2486.—Smart one-piece styled on slim lines. A large oval collar finishes the bodice-top. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2484.—Nightgown has humming shirring on brief bodice-top combined with a graceful skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, plus 2½yds. 36in. ribbon and 4yds. ½in. lace edging. Price, 4/6.

F2485.—Negligee in a pretty design with above-elbow balloon sleeves and a fitted midriff section. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 7½yds. 36in. material, 2½yds. ½in. ribbon, and 1yd. ½in. lace edging. Price, 4/9.

F2483.—Full-length evening dress designed with a flattering bodice-top and wide skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 13½yds. 36in. material for dress and 8½yds. 36in. material for slip. Price, 4/9.

F2488.—Fitted coat with contrast on the flattering shawl collar. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast for collar. Price, 4/6.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 431.—TROUSER OVERALLS FOR BOY OR GIRL. The overalls are obtainable cut out ready to make in British headcloth. The color choice includes natural, blue, green, lemon, pink, grey, and white. Sizes: 2 years, length, 29in.; 3 years, 31in.; 4 years, 33in.; 5 years, 35in. Price, 10/-; postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

No. 432.—FAN DUCHESSE SET. Charming three-piece design duchesse set is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider. The material and color selection include cream Irish linen, sheer linen in lemon, sky-blue, pale pink, and white, and fine muslin in pink, blue, lemon, and green. The centre mat measures 17in. by 11in. and the smaller mats 8in. by 6in. Prices: linen, 8/11; postage 7d. extra; cotton, 6/11; postage 7d. extra.

No. 432.—BABY'S PILLOW SLIP. The pillow slip is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on white organdie. The lace edging is not supplied. Size, 11in. by 17in. Price, 3/6; postage, 7d. extra.

No. 433.—THREE-PIECE LAYETTE. The layette, comprising dress, petticoat, and nightgown, is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice is cream, osora, or white rayon crepe-de-chine. The lace edging is supplied with order. Sizes, infants to 6 months. Prices in osora: nightgown, 28/9; postage and registration, 1/4; dress, 28/9; postage and registration, 1/4; petticoat, 18/11; postage and registration, 1/4. Complete set, 72/11; postage and registration, 2/6. Prices in rayon crepe-de-chine: nightgown, 19/11; postage and registration, 1/4; dress, 18/11; postage and registration, 1/4; petticoat, 12/11; postage and registration, 1/4. Complete set, 61/-; postage and registration, 2/6.

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PRINCESS NARDA: To obtain her heirloom emerald ring. Narda keeps the treasure map





Fashion FROCKS

Marion

Rita

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"MARION." — A smart and practical design for a one-piece maternity dress. The dress is styled with controlled skirt fullness and a front-button bodice fastening. The material is check jersey, obtainable in blue and white, red and white, green and white, brown and white, mustard and white, turquoise and white, and navy and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 75/-; 36in., 38in., and 40in. bust, 79/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 55/6; 36in., 38in., and 40in. bust, 57/9.

"RITA." An attractive long-sleeved blouse featuring a Peter Pan collar and bib front. The blouse is obtainable in rayon crepe-de-chine in mauve, lemon, blue, and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 37/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 28/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 31/-.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 53. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at: Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

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battered
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them by
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